



NORMAN J. COLMAN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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[Written for the Valley Farmer.]

## Influence of the Moon:

Or "moon-struck," is what we mean. Some people carry the matter farther, and say lunacy. They are all related in principle, and differ only in degree. For instance, some people believe that the moon has an influence on the common affairs of life. To plant potatoes, or set fence posts, or gather apples, in certain phases of the moon, is what some people adhere to. The moon, in their opinion, has an influence over many, many things—so that the concerns of life are differently done to a considerable extent in consequence. And these people persevere in their opinion; they always see it "come out right." And, hence, they are confirmed in their notions, as the fortune-teller confirms the easy-believing, that seek this oracle. Thus the moon is doing a great deal of good, in their estimation—not only by shining pleasantly at night, and drawing the tides (of which however

they know nothing)—but by making durable timber, cut in the horn of the moon, or the new or old moon—for these believers in her majesty believe differently, contradicting each other in the different localities, and even in the same locality. But there is no necessity to enumerate the various things which are effected by the moon, for they are all under her influence—so believe the moon-struck.

Now, who are the people that believe in such things. All the uneducated, including all the ignorant, every man and woman of them—and (curious) just no others. The ignorant, then, know more than the intelligent—for have they not learned it from their parents, still more ignorant than they? So the Indian believes in his hunting-ground in heaven; the Hindoo in his Juggernaut; and all the degraded, savage nations of the globe, in some wretched whim. It was the case with the ancient Britons, the Druids; and with the Scandinavians and Germans. They once believed in these things—in their early, uncivilized state, when these nations were ignorant. And we, the ignorant (uneducated) part of their descendants, continue the thing, which is a superstition. The darker the barbarism, the greater the superstition; the greater the ignorance, the greater the superstition.

Among the people who are cultivated, whether nations or individuals, there is no such superstition. Belief in the moon is not found among them. Why not? All is swept away by reason and intelligence. As the individual becomes enlightened, he becomes ashamed of it; and even if there is a lurking belief still left, he will keep his mouth shut on the subject of the moon and all kindred influences. You will find

him no more at the fortune-teller's, nor at the oracle's for curing diseases. As he still further advances, he entirely renounces the thing. And will he ever adopt it again? Never.

"Ah, but these learned men don't know it all—what I know, I know"—and these wiseacres might mention, "what I feel," also. For the thing becomes a feeling as well as a belief; and here's where the difficulty is. They feel, and they are sure of the feeling, taking that for evidence.

Now, my dear friends (for I believed once as you do), these men who are enlightened, learned men, as you term them, certainly do know more than you, on almost any topic. And is it not these men who get up civilization; invent plows, instead of the old, wooden plows; mowing machines, factories, telescopes, the compass, the steam engine, &c? Has an ignorant man ever invented anything? It is these men, then, that are right—that do the improvements of the world, in all the departments—do the moon business up as well as the soothsayer's. Give up, then, your certainly silly notions of these things.

FARMER RIGHTMAN.

#### How to Obtain Neat's Foot Oil.

A writer in the *Country Gentleman* thus describes the process of making this oil:

The process of obtaining this kind of oil is very simple, and many farmers often throw away enough feet annually to furnish oil sufficient to keep all their harness, shoes and leather machine belts in the best condition. By breaking a bone of the leg of a fat bullock or cow, it will be found full of an oily substance, which often appears as rich and edible as a roll of excellent butter. This is neat's foot oil—and it's sometimes surprising to see how much a single foot and leg will yield when it is properly treated.

In order to extract the oil, wash the hoofs clean, then break up the shin bones, the finer the better, and cut the hoofs and bones into small pieces. Then put them into a kettle of any kind and pour in water enough to cover the bones. The kettle should never be filled so full that the water will boil over the top of it. The finer the bones are broken; or cut, or sawed, the sooner the oil will be driven out. Now let the kettle be covered as tightly with a lid as it can be conveniently, and boil the bones thoroughly all day. Of course, it will be understood that more water must be poured into the kettle as it evaporates.

The object of covering the kettle with a close

lid, is to retain the heat as much as possible, and thus expel the oil from the bones. The hot water and steam will liquefy the oil and expel it from the bones, when it will immediately rise to the surface of the water. Therefore, it is very important that the water should not be allowed to evaporate so low that the oil that has risen to the surface of the water should come in contact with the dry hoofs and bones, as much of it will be absorbed by them, and will be lost unless it be again expelled by boiling.

When there appears be oil enough on the surface of the water, pour in a pailful or two of cold water to stop the boiling, or let the fire burn down. Now dip out the oil in some clean vessel, and boil them again until there is oil enough to be dipped out again. The oil that is obtained by the first boiling is purer than that which is obtained at the second or the third boiling.

There will be some water among the oil which must be evaporated; therefore put the oil in a clean kettle, and heat it just hot enough to evaporate the water, and the oil will be ready for use. Great care must be exercised in heating the oil, so as not to burn it. As soon as the oil begins to simmer a little, it may be removed from the fire, as the water has evaporated. Water in oil heated to the boiling point, will be converted into steam almost instantaneously—as may be seen by allowing a few drops to fall into boiling oil or hot lard. This occurs from the difference of temperature at the boiling point of the two liquids, that of linseed oil being 597 degrees.

Let the oil be kept in a jug corked tightly, and it will be ready for use at any time for years to come. In very cold weather, however, it will require a little warming.

**PREPARE FOR COLD WEATHER.**—That old hat in the front window pane must now give place to a new pane of glass which the child broke when he had a candle stick to play with; and the quilt which has been for two months in the back window, will soon be wanted on the children.

The door-step should be so mended that strangers may enter your house without stumbling, and quit it without breaking a bone.

When the front door is on the backside of the house, it is a good plan to have a light near it in the evening.

If you would have the females milk the cows, you must provide a good, dry yard for them.

More loam must be thrown into the hog-pen before winter, for the benefit of your manures and your noses.

### JUST A LITTLE TROUBLE

How many of our readers have a grape vine? how many a strawberry patch—if no larger than the floor of your smallest room? Now, a few hours spent to get these, will not intrude upon your work, as it can be done when you would otherwise be idle.

"But if is so sweet to be idle—and a man needs to have his resting spell."

Yes—and that is the reason he has no grapes—no strawberries. He won't buy them—his children must pick them, or he will do without them. Did you ever think that to do without these fruits was not good. The Creator designed them for our benefit, at the time they are ripe, each in its season. They promote health. Is it right to sacrifice health? It is our bounden duty not to be lazy, but to avail ourselves of the means—agreeable means of improving our health. It is hard just to keep life in the body: we are to live, to enjoy. That is the object of man's existence—to avail ourselves of the means the Creator has put within our reach for our benefit. But how many people plod, as though it was the business of life to drag it through the world. Thus the drunkard; thus the laboring man, who finds no rest from morning till night, day after day, in supporting his large family; thus the mercantile man, whose brain is crazed from the multitude of business. Life is a drag to them, and death a relief. We must get out of our tracks; we must think a little; we must put ourselves out of the way a little—cross-grain ourselves once in a while, so as to get the good. Habit will, by-and-by, make it easy. There are some so careless, so lazy, that they will do nothing—let these rot, and then take them out of the way, and put them into the earth, where they belong.

### Plan to Clarify Cane Juice.

The following information received from Mr. Riley Root, of Galesburg, Ill., patentee of a new process for clarifying Chinese and other cane juices, may be of much benefit to those engaged in sorghum:—"I would add, in relation to sugar making, that after the syrup has granulated, the remaining (ungranulatable) portion of the sirup is drawn off. But with our cane at the North the mucilage is so adhesive and stiff, that assistance by means of a press has been found beneficial. After the pressing is performed the follower can be removed, and a little clear, cold water may be stirred into the sugar, and press again. This

process can be performed several times, and at each successive time the sugar becomes whiter, with some slight diminution of the sugar; but each successive draining becomes a more perfect article of golden syrup, so that what is lost in one, is gained in the other."—*Bi-monthly Rep. Ag. Dep.*

[Written for the Valley Farmer.]

### A Visit to Quinby the Apiarist.

Mr. Quinby is a resident of the Mohawk Valley, N. Y., a mile east of St. Johnsville.—He has a small location of eight acres, in a nook on the north side of the river. It is a depression along the hill which faces the south, intended and suited especially to the keeping of bees, and the culture of fruit, particularly grapes.

We visited this celebrated apiarist on Monday, Sep. 26. We called, but found him not at home. His hired man, however, took us through his grounds, and showed us the pet plantation of this intelligent experimenter in bees and grapes. His Isabellas are the largest we ever saw. He has them in the field; on terraces on the hill-side; on fences; and along, around, and up his buildings. His Delawares also are very fine and ripe—though not a quarter so thrifty as the luxuriant Isabellas. The Concord was a match, or nearly so, to the Isabella. He has some half a dozen terraces of some eight or ten rods in length, devoted to grapes. As they ripen, he picks them, and sells them in market for 15 cents a pound. He is making a nice thing out of his grapes.

It is not necessary in this article to speak of his bees. The world is informed of this, and will continue to be; as besides his contributions to the press, which are considerable, he is now writing a book on Italian bees. It will be important, and will constitute a text-book. He has his bees scattered throughout the country to a great extent; and a thorough test is being made of the capacity of bees.

But one thing we must state—and that is the estimation in which Mr. Quinby's neighbors hold him. This is the best part of this prince of bees. Such a reputation it is worth while to possess. No better man exists, says every one. When we mentioned his name, the eyes of his neighbors brightened. And thus they held forth of the amiable qualities of the man. There was not a dissenting voice. "So obliging; so kind; so willing to bestow a benefit or information."

He has a snug, rural nest, where he reposes. It is a wood-colored house of humble preten-



sions, literally covered with vines and shrubbery. There is a carelessness about the premises, that shows that the owner cannot attend to everything. His gates are rickety, and so are his fences. His shop is a perfect babel of confusion. His trees, also, are neglected. His concentration is on his bees, and his grapes, and a report of them. Such is Quinby in his business. We were sorry not to have seen him personally. We have promised ourselves that pleasure, and a fuller report. **RANBLER**

### INDUSTRY IS TALENT.

We often hear persons explaining how one man succeeds, while another fails in the same pursuit, by attributing to one a talent for his business, but refusing it to the other. Yet, without denying that some individuals have a greater aptitude for particular vocations than others have, we think that the problem in question could be easier solved by saying, that the successful man was industrious, while the other was not.

Bulwer, for example, is considered a man of the highest abilities as a novelist. Yet when Bulwer began his career he composed with the utmost difficulty, often writing his fictions twice over. He persevered however, and now stands almost at the head of his class, his latest productions being regarded as the best from his pen. Every schoolboy is familiar with the fact that Demosthenes became an orator only by pursuing a similar plan. Nor are illustrations of the great truth, that industry is talent, confined to the higher intellectual pursuits. When Girard trusted the customer without an indorser, who carried his goods home on his shoulders, the shrewd old Frenchman was acting on this truth, deduced from his own experience of mankind. All eminent persons, whether mechanics, farmers, merchants, lawyers, or statesmen, were industrious, from Watt and Norris down to Thurlow and William Pitt. Washington, Franklin, Marshall, Madison, and every other distinguished American, were busy men. Industry, in short, is talent in nine times out of ten—[*Ex.*]

Trees warm the ground by conducting heat, and hence cool the air, which is what is wanted in the heats of summer. This, then should be considered an offset (besides the shade they afford) to the ground they occupy. They warm as well as cool.

Men capable of the greatest happiness, are also capable of the greatest misery. Shallow minds are incapable of either to a great extent.

### Wonderful Effect of Rain After Drouth.

The past summer has demonstrated what can be done by rain. In the middle of the season and after, the rains commenced. The crops had suffered from the drouth—and the fall crops, such as potatoes, buckwheat, &c., were considered lost beyond recovery. This was so in some States. But the miracle has been accomplished—potatoes are a success, greater than for many years; buckwheat the same. It was in consequence of the timely rains, which just afforded every time sufficient moisture for the most rapid growth. Now, there is no doubt but that the drouth had prepared the ground for this rapid growth—either by the heat changing the chemical properties of the soil and the manure in it, or the absence of water having an effect, or some other reason. It is known that the rain which falls after a drouth has more fertility than before. This is in consequence of the accumulation of fertile gases in the atmosphere, which rain carries down.

Another thing, and that important. We have found that soil made mellow, deep, is still better against both wet and drouth. Hence the use of sub-soil plows; hence, the use of deep tillage. The whole secret, then, as we have more thoroughly learned this season than ever is—deep, rich, mellow tillage. We have satisfied many people the past season, which was an unusual dry one in many parts of the country, of this one thing—this benefit. Need we take the reader into the field? Or will he take the pains to satisfy himself. Keep the cultivator going: you cannot stir the soil too much—the more the better, and the richer the better.

This is the grand preventive against drouth; and it is the only practicable one for the farmer. We must look to this thing, for drouth is our great enemy in the West. By guarding against it in the way specified, we not only prevent it (in its effect), but at the same time greatly improve the soil, both in fertility and easy working, as well as in killing weeds. We shall continue to enforce this subject. Its observance is worth millions to each State. **R.**

This is the year (1864) farmers get rich in. More fortunes are made this year, than ever before in one twelvemonth. All products are high, and the farmer raises them all. Has he taken advantage of these prosperous times? If not, he will regret it. We are sorry to say we know hundreds like it. But the generality are almost delirious—delirious with success. It is well the thing doesn't last always—society would become corrupt.



**WHEAT IN DRILLS.**

In Pennsylvania, this is the practice; and you cannot persuade a man there that this is not the best practice. The finest crops of wheat in the world are raised there—especially in Lancaster county. The drills are 8 to 10 inches apart. The seed is dropped with a drill machine. The advantages, say those who practice it, are, that it takes less seed, induces better culture and better crops. The soil being higher between the drills, the frost, in acting upon it, has a tendency to fill up the drills, and thus secure the roots the more. This last is claimed as a great advantage, as the frost is severe in Pennsylvania; and there is much less snow than in New York and the New England States.

The prairies are the thing for drilling. The soil is mellow, thus fitting it for putting in the seed. It is level, which further favors drilling; and the frost, and the absence of snow, are other and important points. But it will be some time before the West will adopt drilling as the rule, as it takes more time and labor.—Farmers have too much land. They cannot attend to it as they should. It will take many years before the West is a garden, as the East is in some of its small farms.

[Written for the Valley Farmer.]

**A CROP IN A DROUTH.**

The more we see about farming, the more we become convinced that thorough culture is the most advantageous. Some of the finest crops that we have ever seen, were raised in a drouth the past season. The ground was deeply cultivated and highly enriched. It was mellow and in most excellent condition. "Here, I shall have a crop," said the owner.

"You shall, if there is no drouth, or excessive wet," was replied. "I shall have it," was the response. "I shall have it, because that ground is both moist and wet. As you see it there, so it will be during the summer. The wet will pass through it at once, it matters not how long your rain is, nor how severe: it cannot drown such ground—and it cannot chill it. The manure warms, the porousness dries, and the depth of cultivation (by draining, sub-soiling, and thorough plowing and harrowing,) keeps the water out. In a drouth, this porousness, this mellowness, draws the moisture from below, and with it the gases which the drouth sets free, acting in themselves as moisture—for manure, or fertility, is moisture. I would rather have drouth than wet—much rather. I always raise the best crops, then."

And so it was. The drouth was excessive—the crops around were a failure. Here was a green oasis, as you see green spots about springs and moist places. The ground, I noticed, during the summer, in the greatest heat, was, almost miraculously moist—and it was like walking over a newly-harrowed piece of ground in the spring. The stems of the corn were brittle, black and large; the pumpkins of the thriftiest nature; and the little oats sown were as thick and as stout as I ever saw. And all this grain did not lodge because it had no rain during the summer. It was the best crop I ever saw—the thickest—as large and as well filled as any I ever knew.

The drouth in this instance was a benefit, because it did not lodge the grain. It was a benefit, because, the heat being great, and moisture sufficient being in the ground, the grain grew more rapidly than it would in ordinary seasons; and it ripened three weeks earlier than usual. It was the cleanest, finest crop I ever saw—and it taught me a lesson I shall never forget.

S. W.

**KEEPING CABBAGE IN WINTER.**

The plan for keeping cabbages over winter is thus stated in the *Mass. Plowman*:

"To keep cabbages through our winter, during which the temperature is, for the most part, low and constant, is comparatively an easy matter; but as we go South, where the weather of winter is milder, and the ground oftener penetrated by rains, the risks are greater. As far south as the latitude of Newark, N. J., cabbages are at times left over winter standing where they grew, earth having been heaped over their heads, and a little waste litter put over them. In the latitude of Philadelphia, some lots are kept by simply covering them with coarse litter, the plants being left standing as they grew. Others, again, are buried under ground, or stored in cellars, the gardeners being unwilling to risk their entire lot in this locality of open winter, to any one process of keeping.

I have had considerable experience in the matter of keeping cabbages in the best condition possible over winter, as my business of seed raising has rendered this necessary; and the subject would yield quite a chapter, but at present let this suffice.

Select a warm location, having a southerly exposure if practicable, under a cliff, where the snow will be likely to bank in winter; the soil should be light in character, and the ground

well drained. Dig a trench 6 or 8 inches in depth, and of a width sufficient to take three rows of cabbages. Having stripped all but the last layer of leaves surrounding the heads, stand them in the trench in the same position in which they grew, crowding them as closely together as possible; then begin a second trench, or, rather, continue extending the width of the one already dug, throwing the earth from it directly on top of the cabbages already planted, and thus protect with the whole lot to be buried. Do not fill up the open interval which remains between the bottom of the cabbages and the bottom of the trench; the air is a better non-conductor of the heat than the earth, and hence the plants will be better protected with the space open.—For this same reason, loosely-headed cabbages require less covering than those more completely headed in; the air between the leaves protecting the former. Having completed the planting, tread the earth close against the last row planted, which will tend to keep them upright. Dig a small trench around the bed for draining purposes, throwing the earth on the edges of the bed, as these are most liable to wash and hence require extra protection. Have a lot of waste litter at hand, sufficient to cover the bed four or five inches in depth. After the ground is frozen about through to the cabbages, scatter over the litter. If one has plenty of litter about, a foot of this will be a sufficient protection without the previous covering with soil. The Savoy varieties require less protection than the Drumhead. Six or eight inches of earth will protect as effectually as four feet, as I have proved by experiment.

[Written for the Valley Farmer.]

#### Agricultural Questions Answered.

BY H. L. W. GOSS, WILLOW, IOWA.

Having seen in the July *Valley Farmer*, Agricultural Questions propounded by Sanford Howard, Esq., Secretary of the Michigan Board of Agriculture, to the farmers of that State, and also the request of the Editor of the *Valley Farmer*, that his readers would consider the queries as applying with equal force in regard to their individual States, I shall endeavor to answer them to the best of my knowledge.

##### CULTIVATED CROPS.

1 The soil has been cultivated about 10 years; is from 3 to 6 feet deep, generally of a very dark color; the bottom land subject to overflows in time of very high water, occasioned by snow melting in the mountains; plenty of prairie, but timber scarce.

2 Crops are—wheat, oats, rye, barley, corn, potatoes, Sorghum, beans, &c. The yield I cannot state; think there is an increase by better farming; white wheat is preferred for flour.

3 Prices about as follows: wheat, 30c@\$.150 P bush.; oats, 25c@75c; corn, 15c@\$.1; wild or prairie hay, sold for \$60 P ton last winter and spring; wheat considered the most profitable, but I think Sorghum will eventually lead off; syrup sells at \$1@\$.150 P gal.

4 Fruit is a scarce commodity; a small quantity of apples—peaches none. Apples brought from Missouri this fall, sell at \$3@\$.4 and scarce at that figure.

5 Root crops not cultivated to any extent.

##### LIVE STOCK.

6 Farmers generally have from two to eight head of horses, six to twelve milch cows, from eight to fifty dry cattle, about the same of sheep and hogs—the hog, so far, most profitable.

7 Prices: beef, 5c@15c P lb; pork, 2½c@8c; mutton, 5c@10c; butter, 10c@50c; cheese, 10c@25c P lb.

8 Pork can be produced at the least cost—good meat for hogs.

9 The annual yield of butter and cheese per cow I am not able to state, nor the cost per lb.

10 Cheese is made by hand, as we have no factories.

11 There is no distinct breed of cattle in this section; oxen are used for labor, and are considered a great help.

12 Horses for farm use, generally good and large, say 14 hands high; we have no distinct breed.

13 No distinct breed of sheep; fleece generally weighs from eight to twelve pounds unwashed, and brings from 75c@\$.1 P lb; sheep are not fattened for market.

14 Swine—about all the breeds here, are Berkshire and Suffolk; hogs are slaughtered at from 1 to 2 years old; weigh two to four hundred a head.

##### IMPLEMENTS.

15 Implements are: Threshing machines, reapers, mowers, cane crushers, grain sowing machines; labor has been dispensed with one-third since these machines came into use.

16 Buckeye reapers and mowers preferred; easier draft and less wear.

17 No corn planters and drills in use.

18 The revolving rake is used.

19 Horse pitchforks are not used.

20 No Hay-tedders.

21 Manures not used.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

24 Scarcely any advance in land.

25 Land is not cleared in this section, for timber is scarce and prairie plenty.

26 Wages \$25 to \$30; in former years, \$12 to \$20.

27 No draining.

28 Spaders, grain drills and evaporators are needed; a great deal of good can be accomplished by introducing agricultural implements in this part of the country.

#### CLOVER AS MANURE.

We mean more particularly the root. No one will dispute the benefit of clover as pasture. The Small, or Early, or June Clover, as it is called, affords early feed—most decidedly earlier than the large clover, or Timothy—the two plants on which the most dependence is put for pasture. About two weeks earlier is the small clover than the large in the spring—and that is a great consideration. Besides that, it mows earlier, so as to get it out of the way of other hay generally. Where raised for seed, clover has often made fortunes.

But as a crop of manure—that is the point we wish to call attention to. Clover, as is known, has a large tap-root. This root is rich in fertility. It rots readily and manures the soil readily from top to bottom. The more roots, the richer with manure. And these roots can be multiplied by repeatedly sowing fresh seed as the crop deteriorates, till, in a series of years, the soil is well charged with manure.—But one sowing, when thickly grown, will be sufficient to manure well any soil, the crop to be used. In such case there are innumerable roots.

Thus, a single summer devoted to pasture, or hay, or seed, will enrich the soil, giving you the benefit of one crop—and all must acknowledge the clover crop is not a trifling one. This is practiced with eminent success by some farmers, and can be practiced with good success here. The clover also improves the friability of the soil. Manure obtained thus, is drawn largely from the atmosphere.

Some plants are sensitive, and will not partake of the strong, rank manures. Others feed greedily upon them, and thrive accordingly.—We should know what plants thrive, and what not. The thing is known; it needs but consulting the authorities to find out. Thus cu-

cumbers and cabbage will grow exorbitantly in rich soil—the rankest animal manure will make them thrive all the better. Berries need different manure—chip and leaf manure. It is so with grapes. The farmer must have a discrimination about his manures, and the plants he grows.

#### AN INVESTMENT.

We knew a man once, who had a few acres of land, and a great deal of manure on hand. He had offers for his manure, but would not sell it.

"Your soil is rich, and you have but little of it—what use have you for your manure?" they said.

He applied it all to his soil—not in one year nor two. A coat was applied at each plowing, and the soil thoroughly worked. It was also sub-soiled. At last the ground would hold no more. The rest of the manure was then applied in the liquid form. This he did to get it all in—for he held that there was no place so good to store away manure as the ground. At length the ground had it all. There was a body of soil rich with manure, nearly eighteen inches in depth. It lay a year after that. Weeds came up. These, the plow turned in—and though the year saw no grain sown, the plow (after the weeds were turned down) was used, the harrow, and the sub-soil plow.

In the first place, the soil was a mixture of clay, loam, and sand. Now, it was black, and of the most precious kind—perfectly soft and mellow. When the manure became thoroughly rotten and had ingratiated itself with the soil, it became more compact.

"Years without benefit! this was the greatest folly in the world—to make a compost heap of your farm," said every one; and so it was, or seemed. In the spring, corn was put out; cabbage, roots, garden stuff; strawberries were transferred to this soil, grapes, and fruit trees. Grain was sown and clover. Everything, it seemed, was tried. And it was done sooner in the spring than any neighbor had the heart to do it. This, it was said, was owing to the warm situation.

There was no top-dressing, no irrigation during the season. There was simply a stirring of the soil—and that it seemed endless, as if the owner loved to follow his intuition in this way, as a child does when it plays with the dirt. But the soil was mellow. Everybody said it was worth the trouble to work in such soil—all soil—where had the manure gone to? And everything began to grow at once. It did



not wait for the warm weather; it did not mind the wet; but came up and grew right along; and when a warm day or two came along, it shot up like a miracle—black, broad, tall, while other people's was but just quickened, and showed itself, pale, yellow. This roused curiosity. Such soil! such grain! as if the ground were literally transferred to the corn blades and the wheat, and to all that was grown. All seemed alike good, running an equal race, though many were prophesied unfit for such highly-manured soil—"manure-heap," as they called it.

And here was something new and odd. The inclosure was absolutely filled with a black emanation of the soil, as though each plant were a foreigner transferred to the spot. What corn is this? what grain? what grapes and cabbage? For here was a green spot of huge dimensions, while all around among the neighbors is sparse and yellow—as if a patch of great fertility had been transferred here. How it laughed at the drouth! at the spring rains!

The yield was unprecedented; the soil seemingly improved by the growth; it that were possible. Here was life; here one could trust. The year following gave a similar crop. The next year the same, and so on for a number of years; and so still. And this is made soil mostly.

The infatuation spread. There were other investments of manure, the interest of which is being annually reaped. Not only are these men prospering, but their land is a fortune.—Both pocket and land are thus improved. Night soil and muck were abundant in these manures. It is now known that this man intentionally got his manure on hand. Manure is the thing in farming, even if your soil is rich. Be not afraid to get too much in it. It is there, not only as a richness to your grain, but it benefits the soil, acting mechanically and chemically upon it. Besides, it works easier; stands the drouth, the wet, &c. Make large investments, then, and throw no manure away.

We have said much, from time to time, about manure; and many deem it superfluous here in the West, where the soil is rich—"too rich," as some have it. We have heard some such talk—but have always found it moonshine.—Take the example above, which will forever settle the matter. If further evidence were necessary, look at the old barnsites! Here the effect is visible for—we can say a score of years, and still most effectual: it seems everlasting. How good it would be were all our soil barnsites.

### EARLY PLANTING OF CORN.

It is well, in general, to sow early; but not so in planting corn. It is true, early planting will be above ground soonest; but this is not the thing; it may be so affected by the cold and wet, as to appear yellow and small—in a word, suffer. This seems to hurt corn, as well as most, if not all vegetation. Such corn seems constitutionally infirm, and it will not do as well as corn planted a week or two later, which will come forward at once, and appear healthy and vigorous, outstripping the earlier corn.

This is experience. We believe it is general experience. It is so much with a garden, as we have seen. Our seed and tender plants should not suffer. They will grow the faster when put in warm. Thus our friend Smith outstripped his neighbors, though he was three or four weeks behind them all in gardening.—Such luxuriance we had not seen during all the summer, and his garden stuffs were fully matured at the proper time.

We say this, not to discourage early planting, but to avoid the injurious cold rains, and sometimes frost. Better too early than to late; but better in just the right time—when the ground is in prime order, and warm weather ensues, or at least severe weather is expected to be over. Of course, different localities are differently situated. In some it is difficult to ripen corn even with a favorable season. But where there is a chance, give it in the spring—and the start being healthy, will outstrip the suffering plant.

[Written for the Valley Farmer.]

### THE TWO FARMERS.

You can tell the farmer by his face—the happy, well-to-do farmer, and the sloven. The one has a bright, happy countenance, the other is contracted, and shows the anguish with which he is conducting his farm. They are both members of society—and what influence do they exert? The same that their farms exert in the neighborhood—a healthy or unhealthy influence. A farm well worked, is an example—a standing, stereotyped pattern for people to copy after. And what is the other farm?—an example always to be shunned. The sloven farmer is not only slack and untidy—he is frequently a hard working man; his work is hard for him—hard, because he worries. There is nothing done right. And he has the consciousness of this, like a night-mare, always resting upon him. It is this which pinches up his face, and gives him rage and dirt. His team is of a piece with himself; so is his harness. He always

has a dog or two—to keep the cattle out of his fields; for fences he has none. Wherever he goes, a miasma, a blight follows him—and he seems to be conscious of it in his dogged look. He cares not whether he meets anybody, and is half afraid to look a man in the face, unless he is a man like himself. He is uneasy in the society of good farmers and good men. But the healthy man of society, the man who stands erect among his fellows, the true farmer—the very green fields and gardens are visible in that face and smile of his. This is not fancy. T.

#### Remote Effects of the Soil.

We are sometimes surprised at the failure of a crop, when the soil is as good as other soil, of either the same lot, or an adjoining lot, which produces well. Is it in rotation? Sometimes; but not always. The ground is very mellow; was plowed when in excellent condition; was early sown, and the season was a good one. In such case the difficulty is often traceable back, sometimes several years, to a crop, or succession of crops, that exhausted the soil in the particular elements that are required to grow the present crop—or, as is most probable, the same kind of grain that is grown now exhausted the soil then. This has been clearly traced in many cases, and the remedy applied. Another grain is sometimes the remedy. But a man must have knowledge of rotation, so as to know what crop to raise. Buckwheat will exhaust the soil and poison it for many grains and grasses. Oats will grow after buckwheat; barley will suffer—that, at least, is our experience. Still, something is owing to original elements of soil, as some soils will grow almost anything, and at all times. Buckwheat is the cause of a good deal of disaster. When the disaster is turned against noxious weeds, it becomes a benefit, an exterminator. Besides—buckwheat mellows the soil. Hence is good for ground hurt by wet plowing. If the quality missing in the soil can be ascertained, supply it; or, work your soil with the grains that have little or nothing of those qualities. We cannot note here what those grains should be, as the field is too great. F.G.

Depend upon it, a long, wet spring sours the soil, so that bad effects to vegetation are the result. Well-drained soil, however, is free from this evil. To this we can testify accurately. This is one of the good effects of draining.

One of the most susceptible plants to manure is the cabbage. It requires a rich soil.

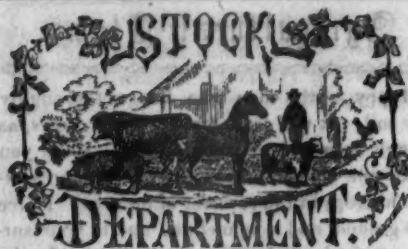
### Agricultural Items.

Happy is the man who has a thoroughly rich soil. It will last for years and years, as though it would never wear out. Have you noted one thing?—that such soil produces excellent crops in the severest of drouths? Pierce the ground, and it is mellow, and to your surprise moist in a drouth. Just as good is the crop on such a soil in a wet season, if thoroughly drained. The richest soil is spoiled when water stands in it: it always then is sour and cold. Be not afraid you will get your soil too rich.

The best farmers are apt to have a variety of drags. One harrow for all soils is evidently not the thing. Sometimes a fine top-soil is required, as in the case of seeding, or after sowing of grain in wheat, &c. Also where vegetables are raised, and the drill-barrow is used. There are many uses for a small, fine-toothed harrow.—Then, besides the general harrow, there should be something heavier—not broader or larger, but heavier, so as to bear down and cut in—a harrow that will answer somewhat the purpose of a cultivator. Any boy can use it.

It seems to be an easier matter to get more land than less. Paradoxical as this may appear, it is the case. We all are after big farms—big, or none at all. Fifty acres is too small, it is thought; there must be eighty or a hundred. Now fifty is too much in the great majority of cases. When will people learn—when can they learn—to cultivate less land, and do it thoroughly? It will give them elbow-room; it will give them time to cultivate well; it will give them leisure.

**A GOOD SMOKEHOUSE.**—We lately observed a well-planned smokehouse on the premises of a good farmer, worthy of a brief description. It was about six feet square, the lower half built of brick, furnished with an iron lined door, and serving as an ash-house and place for the fire. The upper part, about four feet high, besides the ascent of the roof, was made of wood. It was separate from the lower part by scantling joists, a space of two or three inches between them, through which the smoke and air could freely pass, but sufficient to catch a hunk that may accidentally fall, and thus save it from the fire. The upper part, as well as the lower, is entered by a door from the outside; this upper door may be kept locked, except when admitting or withdrawing hams, but the lower may be left unlocked for the hired man to build fires without danger of the contents above being stolen, as the thief cannot pass through the openings between the joist.



### BREEDING HORSES.

The following discussion was had at the New England Agricultural Fair:

"In the evening, the breeding of horses was discussed at the City Hall. The attendance was large, and the speaking was eloquent and instructive. Some of the largest and most successful horse breeders of New England and New York were present, and their remarks showed that they were well versed in the scientific principles of breeding without which the improvement of animals is a mere hap-hazard business.

Dr. Loring, of Salem, opened the discussion, claiming for New England horses of the Morgan blood, a superiority over all others as a horse of all work. They were good roadsters and good workers, and seemed to be especially adapted to our soil and climate, and to the wants of the people of New England in all their varied industrial occupations. He said the origin of the breed was difficult to trace. There were formerly numerous importations of every kind, from the Arab horse to the Shetland pony, and they all conglomerated and made an extraordinary animal, which should be called the New England horse. It is an economical horse, for it is a horse of all work. Something more than soil and climate have helped to form him. The social life of New England, strange as it may seem, has done much to make him what he is. As an illustration, every man is here entitled to the road, if he has a horse that can get it. Forty years ago there appeared in Vermont one of the most remarkable breeds of horses ever known: and a horse fourteen and a half hands high, owned by Justin Morgan, was the father of it. Though small, he had indomitable strength and perseverance, and by breeding upon the mares of that region, which had generally a mixture of French blood, produced splendid horses whose fame was soon established. After a while, however, they declined a little, but within the last ten years the Morgan blood has improved,

as proved by the many indications seen on the grounds during the fair. Maine, too, had a famous horse, the Messenger, and a remarkable class of horses bore his name and blood.—Dr. Loring then entered into a minute anatomical comparison of the New England horse with the English roadsters. He would not discourage horse breeding. It is worth while to raise horses—but raise good ones. It is a hazardous business, and if a man goes into it he may really succeed not oftener than in one chance in ten; though sometimes the one success will more than recompense for the nine losses.—Horse breeding is yearly growing better and more intelligent. So many valuable horses were never brought together in Massachusetts, as may be seen now on Hampden Park. In the old horse show, there were seen seventy-five or eighty stallions that were called good ones—but two now on the grounds are worth more than them all.

R. S. Denny, of Watertown, said, that in his experience, when he met with unsound horses, whether their unsoundness was the result of accident or otherwise, the unsoundness was always sure to come out sooner or later. Let thoroughbred mares be coupled with New England stallions, and the result is, the best horses in the world, on the principle that, while the mare gives the life, the stallion gives the physical power.

Prof. Agassiz being called out by Dr. Loring, said that much valuable information which has accumulated among horsemen, is dying out for want of some record by which it may be transmitted. He considers its preservation very important, and, to aid in it, had begun the formation of a museum, which may contain skeletons of the various kinds of horses, as draft horses and trotting horses, with models in which their muscular and cerebral developments may be shown, as well as skeletons and models of other domestic animals. If skeletons of remarkable animals which die by accident were saved and given to this museum, they would confer a lasting and practical benefit to the world. Prof. Agassiz stated that the skeleton of the remarkable cow Belmont, which weighed 3,200 lbs., had been given to this museum, and that he should give a course of lectures before the scientific school at Cambridge, next winter, upon the natural history and comparative anatomy of domestic animals.

Solon Robinson, of New York, thought the question of what means could be taken by breeders to prolong the working power of horses,



was a very important one. One of the best horses he ever owned, was 22 years old, and he was then superior for general service to his other and younger horses.

Lewis F. Allen, of Black Rock, N.Y., agreed to this. What age shall a horse be put to work, to produce the greatest longevity and usefulness? Half the horses in the country are ruined by overwork before they reach mature age, which he maintained was generally not till they were nine or ten years old. A horse should not be made to work till he is five years old, and some horses do not get their growth till they are seven. He said that when at home he daily drove a horse that is 27 years old, and yet rarely took anybody's dust; and he had known many horses that were active and useful when from 25 to 30 years old; while Mr. Moran, in New York, drove a horse till he was 42 years old.

Much of the muscle, action and power in New England horses, is the result of accident. New England stallions have an aggregation of blood; but if we take a definite kind of stallion and unite with a thoroughbred mare, we shall have, as a result, one of the finest horses in the world. Mr. Allen said he was not in favor of very fast driving, any more than very fast men. Speed is no vice, but men are never satisfied with the amount they get. Yet if we must have trotting horses, let us breed them on scientific principles—and if we don't know what they are, set to work and find out. It would be a good investment, if, in our leading educational institutions, there were established a professorship of horse-breeding.

T. S. Long, of North Vassalboro, Me., said that he did not think it necessary to go to England, New Jersey, or Kentucky to get thoroughbreds. His ideal was to select the formation nearest to his ideal, and improve it. If the result was really an improvement, treat it in the same way, and get a still better. Thoroughbreds have strength, but that is not all that is wanted for a trotting horse; other qualities must be added, and he would go for improving the fine blood we already have. The French emperor has the stallions now in the royal stables, sent to him yearly from this country—and England is beginning to buy fine horses of us. But let us be independent of both England and France.

The subject was discussed in its various objects by several gentlemen, and Prof. Agassiz stated in reply to a question, that the different breeds of horses were undoubtedly the work of man,

as there was originally only one species. Dr. Loring completed the evening's exercises with some timely remarks concerning the value and interest of the discussions."

### MAKING BUTTER.

The following is from a dairy farmer of long experience, and appeared in the *Country Gentleman*:

"Good cows and rich pasturage—natural grasses—green grass and white clover, are the essential basis, together with cleanliness and proper management.

The proper management, as I conceive, would be to skim the milk at all times within thirty-six hours after being milked; and in order to effect this, a small quantity of sour milk should be put into each pan at the straining of the milk. The judgment of the dairy manager should regulate the quantity according to the state of the atmosphere. When the cream is skimmed into the cream pot it should be stirred morning and evening until churned, which should be done every three days during warm weather, and all the year if the quantity of cream would warrant it. After the butter is broken in the churn to the size of chestnuts, the milk should be drawn off from the vent hole through a fine sieve, and then a sufficient quantity of cold water put in the churn and tumbled a few times—drawn off as before—more water put in and tumbled again. The water should then be all drawn off, and the butter will then lay in a mass in the churn, which should be cut promiscuously about, for the purpose of receiving the salt, which should be a full pint for fifty pounds, and in the same proportion for less or more. The butter should then be tumbled in the churn sufficiently to mix the salt.—It should then be taken out of the churn and lumped into pounds as nearly as possible, and sponged, weighed and printed. A sponge of proper size, inclosed in a coarse linen cloth, should be pressed on each lump until all the brine is extracted, before being weighed.

The most particular part of the process is attention to the skimming and management of the cream, to prevent rancidity from taking place before churning, for if the cream is bad, the butter must necessarily be bad."

A New York court has lately awarded \$5000 damages against the Harlem Railroad Company, for turning out their horses infected with farcy and glanders in a meadow adjoining the stable of the plaintiff (Wilks), whereby the horses took the disease and many of them died.

### Early Importation of Cattle.

The first horned cattle brought to America from Europe were imported by Columbus in his second voyage in the year 1493, consisting of one bull and several cows. The Portuguese took cattle to Arcadia in the same year that country was settled. The first cattle introduced into Virginia was previous to 1604. In 1610 Sir Ralph Lane imported cows into that colony from the West Indies. In 1614 Sir Thomas Gates brought into the same settlement, one hundred cows, besides other horned cattle. In 1620 the number of horned cattle in Virginia was about five hundred; in 1639 thirty thousand; in 1647 only twenty thousand, including bulls, cows and calves.

The first cattle imported into Plymouth Colony were introduced by Edward Winslow in 1642, consisting of three heifers and a bull.

In 1609 sixty or seventy cows and oxen were imported under the direction of Thomas Higginson, formerly from Leicestershire, England, for the Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay; in New England, in 1636, when cows were so high as to command from \$125 to \$130 each, a quart of milk could be bought for four cents, a pound of butter one shilling, and a pound of cheese for ten and one-half cts.

The first importation into New Netherlands (now New York) was made in 1625 from the Island of Texel in Holland.

Cattle were introduced into the settlement on the Delaware by the Swedish West India Company, from Sweden, in 1627.

The first cattle introduced into New Hampshire were from Denmark, and imported by Capt. John Mason and his associates in about the year 1632.

The first cattle introduced into Carolina were brought from England by William Sayle in 1670.

Gen. Wade Hampton and Col. John Singleton were both engaged in importing cattle before the Revolution.

1773 Messrs. Goff, Ringold and Patten, of Maryland, sent out an order to England for superior cattle for the purpose of improving the breed in the United States. This was probably the first introduction of improved cattle imported into this country, and from which it is supposed originated the famous Patton Stock in Kentucky.

The first effort to improve the breed of cattle in this country that we have any account of, was made by Mathew Patton of Virginia. This breed of cattle was held in great estimation and

was generally spread through the country. Up to the year 1817, all the English cattle in Kentucky were derived from the Patton stock.

Soon after the war of 1812, Col. Lewis Sanders of Kentucky, imported from England in 1817, in all, twelve head—four short-horned bulls and four short-horned cows, and the other four Herefords. These were known as the importation of 1817.

In 1817, the late Henry Clay, the great statesman, of Kentucky, imported two or three Hereford cattle; a few years after, one bull and two cows of the same breed.—*Am. Stock Jour.*

### Winter Care of Horses.

Winter is here, hay and oats are high; and the probability is, that we may see many poor horses before spring, unless farmers take a little more pains than usual to avoid it.

Thinking that a few suggestions might be heeded, we will endeavor to give an economical plan to keep your horse, well and cheap, fat and sleek. First, make his stall comfortable by stopping all cracks where cold comes in, and bank the outside, if there is no wall under the barn. Feed him oat straw three times a day, and four quarts of corn in the ear twice a day. Water three times a day, and give what straw is left in the manger at night for bedding (and if thrown out to cattle in the morning, they will consume nearly all of it, better than before used for bedding).

The next important thing, which is very essential and often neglected, is currying and cleaning. There is many a man who owns a team, who does not even own a curry comb, and many that may own one cannot tell where it is, and some who may own one and know where it is, seldom if ever use it, thinking it all lost time.

Once a week give a mess of potatoes, or a mess of wet bran with a handful of salt and a few sifted ashes; also, if you can get it, a pint of flaxseed occasionally, which will keep his hair soft and smooth.

Keep your horses well shod so as to prevent slipping, and clean out the bottoms of their feet with a hook made for the purpose. Occasionally wash the feet and legs with warm Castile soap suds to avoid scratches.

One who has a good cutting machine can cut their straw (even wheat or rye straw) and sprinkle on meal and wet, which is better than fed uncut to a team at work every day.

If you do not have work for your horse, do not forget to exercise him; ride him or drive him to the post office, the village or somewhere,

so that he may get that needful thing called exercise. If you stop a few minutes, then put on a blanket; also, when you return to the stable, if warm; but do not blanket usually, unless you use two when standing out of doors.—[Ex.]

#### FAT CATTLE IN WINTER.

A fat "critter" will keep. During the winter and in the spring, when cows are weak and require lifting, your well-kept cattle will not only not need lifting, but they will, if necessary, take a set-to, and have a good strong fight as in summer—almost a seeming impossibility to a farmer who is in the habit of having poor cattle. Hence, carcasses are never found where fat cattle exist, unless by accident.

"Fat cattle! who would keep fat cattle in winter?" asks the sparse feeder. Who? Why the man who knows what advantage there is in it. No loss; no more feed (ay! not so much!); and then the immediate profits in early spring—it matters not how early. The fat is so much provender—hay, oats, roots, &c., preserved against a day of need—and that day of need is principally the cold of winter, which is a flesh consumer—on lean cattle, a very severe one—on fat much less—for fat, it should never be forgotten, is one of the best guards against cold.

A fit animal, then, will cost less to keep; will suffer less (and is this nothing?); will be less liable to disease; and exempt from loss by death from "lifting." Then your fat animal has a good look, not only out of the eye, but a good body, a good healthy appearance—sleek and fat, even in winter; and you retire at night with the consciousness that all is right. You always see that the best cattle raisers, the best farmers, have fat cattle, uselessly fat, you think, in winter. The thing to do it, is this: have your cattle fat when they go into winter quarters, and then feed the same quantity you would to lean stock.

**SHEEP SHEDDING WOOL.**—Mr. Lewis Clark, says the best plan to keep the wool on the sheep, is to keep them fat, and that if sheep run down from any cause, and are fed high at once, their wool will start. Even a change of pasturage from a poor to a Timothy and clover pasture, will start the wool from a lean sheep. But the feeding of corn, beans, wheat, rye, barley, oats, vegetables, or anything that sheep will eat that makes fat, avoiding sudden changes, will not only cause the wool to stick, but will increase it more than enough to pay the additional cost.

#### PURCHASING HAY FOR FEED.

Theory has shown, and experiment confirmed, that the sun has a great influence on grass. Much water and little sun produce great growth, and the ingredients are different somewhat from grass which has had the full effect of the sun. Chemical analysis has proved that a mouldy substance enters into the grass which has had an abundance of water or shade—that is an absence of the rays of the sun.

We know cattle love grass grown on knolls; they will eat it close, and leave the rank grass of the moist land, often tall and in tufts. It is also known that hay is better when light than when coarse and abundant. Hence, the hay of a drouth is considered worth more—is more nutritious and sweet, and heavier according to its bulk, than hay of a moist summer's growth when the bulk is large. This is known, though never much considered.

To those who purchase hay, the thing is of importance. Such hay should be selected as is finest and heaviest, providing always it is well cured. Coarse hay will do better for horses: and well-sunned grass will make better hay for horses, probably, than for cattle. A cow will eat hay if a little colored. A horse is more dainty, and loves the clean Timothy, or the sweet clover.

The sun is vigorous. It is the great creator of vegetation, and (through vegetation) of animal life. It ripens—matures—colors. It adds the vivifying and flesh-producing principle.

#### STEAMING FODDER.

At the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, the above subject was discussed in the evening by the distinguished farmers of the country. Some were most positively in favor of steaming food; held that it produced more nutrition; added to the flavor of butter, and improved the manure. Others took ground that stock was but little benefitted in this way; that pork and beef became flabby and less fit for use than when fed in the usual way; that the expense of steaming, in all cases, would more than counterbalance what good resulted from it. Those in favor of heat applied to food, admitted that steaming was an expense: at least some did. On the whole, the matter is pretty much where it was—in doubt.

Steamed and finely-cut food is no doubt more relished by stock than wheat left in the coarse, usual condition. That some of its nutritive properties should be developed by heat, looks natural. We remember how our milch cows



used to thrive on straw cut and mixed with bran, and then hot water thrown over it. It was greedily devoured, and milk was abundant.

We are inclined towards the steam and the straw-cutter. The straw-cutter is certainly a help to the teeth. Steam meets the heat of the stomach, in a certain degree, which must be a benefit. These two points are favorable, without question, far as they go.

We are glad to see experiments instituted in this department.

#### DISCUSSION ON SHEEP.

The discussions on the pedigree of fine woolled sheep, at the Rochester fair, at the evening meetings, were more animated than profitable. Little has been gained by these discussions, where the genius of the agricultural guild was collected, and that in the Empire State, with contributions from all the States north. Either the subject is not properly investigated, or people are very ignorant. But they are not ignorant. The knowledge exists, if we but took the proper pains to collect it. The discussions at our State fairs are not yet what they should be. Some new inducement must be presented before they will be; some different arrangements must be made.

One fact is pretty well established, and that outside of these meetings—and that is, that sheep-raising is a decided success in some localities. Uplands generally are these localities. The prairies also have proved this. Iowa has had three hundred thousand sheep introduced into the State this year. The West is beginning to see the importance of wool and mutton.

But fine-wooled sheep are the most profitable, so far as the fleece is concerned, say the greatest sheep-raisers of the country. Others see the most profit in long-wooled sheep, taking the lambs and the mutton into consideration. We shall give instances hereafter that came under our observation. The talk about pedigree seems not only distasteful, but unprofitable. Give us the most profitable sheep, all things considered—and let your pedigree go: the country will establish that, whether there be pure blood or mixed. As it is, mixed blood has been highly successful.

W. I. T. S.

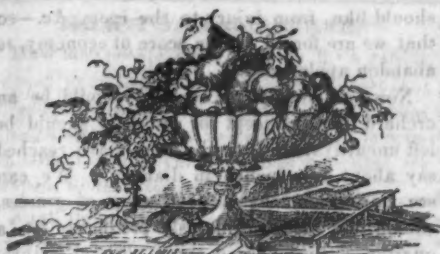
**SCOURS IN CALVES.**—A writer, in an exchange, gives the following, having lost more or less, from diarrhea, before using this simple remedy.  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. best Rio coffee (prepared as for table use) boiled in 2 quarts water, and after drenching with 1 pint at a dose, from three to five times, effected a perfect cure.

#### Pasturing Horses in Winter.

Every horse turned out for winter grazing, should have a shed well protected from the north, west and east, and well littered with straw, to which he can resort whenever he desires rest or protection from the cold and wet. If no shed be provided, then the horse should be taken into the stable every night. All horses are not benefited by a run at winter pasture; some, on account of their thin skin and delicate constitutions, rendering exposure to cold productive of coughs and other complaints; while others are provided with a long and thick coat of hair, that protects them against cold but not wet, and therefore are not so readily affected by extreme changes of weather. Winter pasture is best for horses where the legs are to be improved, while spring or summer pasture is best for the renovation of general health. The barrenness of pasture in winter keeps the carcass light, and the coolness of the atmosphere fines and improves the legs. Horses that have become "gaunted" up, as the phrase is, or that have little appetite, are really benefited by winter pasture, as the grass at that season, although capable of supporting life, has no laxative or medicative qualities to change the action of the system. Such horses should be kept in warm stables, and fed with roots and cut feed. Others, again, that have become stiffened in their joints, or subject to swollen legs, are oftentimes almost entirely recovered by a winter's run at pasture, when good sheds or stabling are provided for them against the night air and storms.

**TO CHOOSE A GOOD COW.**—More or less risk is always run in buying a cow, the previous character of which is unknown, as there are no infallible signs of excellence. Yet there are a few points generally agreed on by experienced dairymen. A thin head, small neck, with light horns, dewlap large, full breast, broad back, body large in proportion to head and neck, the udder capacious, but not too fleshy; milk veins very prominent, and the bag tending far behind, teats long, large and not crowded together, buttocks broad and fleshy, legs proportionable to the size of the carcass, and the joints short, the skin a bright yellow, approaching that of gold coin. Try the cow's disposition, and inquire whether she be irritable and nervous, or gentle and good natured. Mild, large eyes, quiet, easy motions, and gentleness when handled indicate good nature, and milking properties. Good looks, or beauty of form, should be regarded the last and least in purchasing good dairy animals.

**KEEP YOUR JUNE BUTTER.**—We have before called attention to this subject. In the hot weather of July and August it is difficult to make good butter. June butter, when kept, is much better—and it will keep through all the heat, if kept in a moderately cool cellar. Why, then, not retain this butter, not only through the warm weather, but during the winter also. It will last and be sweet till next June.



## HORTICULTURAL.

### GRAPE VINE WORM.

The following paper was read at a recent meeting of the Cincinnati Horticultural Society, by Dr. J. A. Warder:

The *Glaucopidians* are a group of Sphinges, which have feathered antennæ, fly mostly by day, and alight to take their food, instead of sucking it when on the wing, like a Sphinx.—In this they resemble many moths, as well as in their form and in their transformations. They are more like the Egerians than other Sphinges. They are called *Glaucopidians* from the glaucous or blueish-green color of some of the species. Their antennæ are pectinated or feathered on each side. The caterpillars of the *Glaucopidians* have sixteen feet, are slender and cylindrical, with a few hairs scattered over the surface of the body, or in little tufts.

At this season of the year, we may often observe portions of the foliage of our grape vines eroded so that one or more leaves turn brown, but which, when examined, show us at once that it is the work of an insect. We should immediately examine the neighboring leaves for the marauders, which are now consuming the entire substance of their tissues, excepting the stalks and largest vines. Our search will soon result in the discovery of a little army or squad of yellowish caterpillars, which are gregarious and feed close together, side by side, in regular ranks, as though well drilled.

Harris tells us that these worms are yellow, with a transverse row of velvety black tufts on each ring, and a few conspicuous hairs upon each extremity of the body; their feet are sixteen in number and rather short; their motions are sluggish. When touched, they curl their bodies sideways and fall to the ground, or more rarely hang suspended from the leaves by a silken thread. The eggs are laid in clusters of about twenty on the under side of the leaves. When fully grown, which is twelve to fourteen

days, according to Glover, the worms are six-tenths of an inch long. They leave the vine to seek some sheltered spot to spin their thin, but tough, oblong oval cocoons, and soon afterwards are transformed to shining brown chrysalids. The moths of this insect, which is the *Procris Americana*, are of a blue-black color, with a saffron colored collar, and a notched tuft on the extremity of the body. The wings, which are very narrow, expand nearly one inch. They may be seen flying about the grape vines in the middle of the day. We have a succession of crops of these worms from June till September, though Mr. Harris observed but one crop in Massachusetts. In the South they have been found to be very numerous, and whole branches of the vines are stripped of their foliage.

We should endeavor to exterminate these insects before they become too numerous, as we shall suffer from their devouring appetites.—This is the American representative of the *Procris Vitis*, or *Ampelophaga* of Europe, which sometimes proves very injurious to the grape vine.

These Forresters should be destroyed by hand picking when not numerous, and Mr. Glover advises syringing the vines with a solution of whale oil soap, and trampling those that fall to the ground. He also informs us that the French destroy small moths by using cords dipped in honey, and stretched from tree to tree. These cords attract the insects by their sweetness, and entrap them by their adhesiveness.

There is another insect which is now destroying the grape-vine foliage, and which should be kept in check. It is exceedingly active and very shy, and therefore difficult to catch; although he holds up his sign very conspicuously. This, too, is a moth, but quite different from the Forrester—it is the *Desmia maculata*, described by Mr. Glover in the Patent Office Report for 1854, page 78, part of whose description I have.

"This shy little caterpillar is solitary, and to protect himself from harm, he most curiously constructs himself a house by rolling up one side or edge of a grape leaf, and fastening it with shining, white silken bands; it thus forms a very regular tube, with a diameter of about half an inch sometimes. This is open at both ends, but as it is generally horizontal, the rain does not enter, nor do the castings escape.

"This lively little worm may not always be found at home, for either he is out feeding, or

being alarmed by our approach, when we lay hold of his habitation, he immediately wriggles himself out and falls below, sometimes suspended by a slender thread.

"This caterpillar is about nine-tenths of an inch in length, of a green color, with a black semi-circle on the first, and two or more black spots on the second segment of the body. The chrysalids were formed under shelter of a portion of a leaf; they were about half an inch in length, at first orange, afterward brown. The moth measures about an inch across the wings. The female has two distinct white spots on black ground on each upper and under wing; two white bands around the abdomen, and a white border round each wing, with a line of black through the centre. The male had two white spots on each upper wing, with a semi-lunar mark of white on the outside of each spot. The under wings had only one long spot of white with a lunar mark under it, and the tail was white."

These insects should be destroyed by hand picking, and it requires great activity and adroitness to capture them.

Mr. Fitch describes another caterpillar which lies upon the leaves of the grape vine, and which is also a house builder, "forming a retreat for itself, by drawing the edges of one, two, or three leaves together, by means of fine silken threads like cobweb, thus making a large, roomy cavity, commonly of a globular form, within which it appeared to lie in repose during the daytime. If the edges of the leaves at any point did not exactly come together, the gap between them was closed by a patch made of silken threads woven together." This produces a curious moth belonging to the family called *Fissipennæ* by Latreille, because the wings are cleft or split; these lobes resemble feathers, hence the English call the moths Plumes. They belong to the family *Alucitidæ*, and this grape eater Mr. Fitch calls the *Pterophorus perischedactylus*, or the gartered, because it has yellow bands around its hind legs resembling those important articles of dress.

#### PLANTING APPLE ORCHARDS.

We have long been under the impression, brought to it merely by observation, that, as a rule, the trees in our apple orchards are planted too distantly apart. Many farmers look upon the space usually occupied by orchards as almost so much waste. They say, we get so little fruit from the ground taken up by the trees, and we cannot cultivate the orchards as we

should like, from injury to the roots, &c.—so that we are forced, on the score of economy, to abandon apple raising.

Now, practically, an orchard should be an orchard only. Except for grass, it should be left uncultivated, after the trees have reached say about four inches in diameter. We can see no reason why a good crop of grasses, should not be continuously produced for a quarter or third of a century, without disturbance. A top dressing of manure once in two or three years, we know, has produced fine fields of grass, annually two crops. The trees have little or no influence upon the crops of grass—indeed if they possess any, it is in affording a heavier swath under the trees.

Hence, instead of setting out young orchards 30 and 35 feet apart, reduce the distance to about 20 feet in the quincunx form, and if at any time the trees should become a little crowded, prevent it by additional pruning.—This is our theory.

The leading purpose of an orchard should be to obtain fruit; next, the crop that will do the least damage to the trees—this is grass. Grass, however, will not only do no damage to the apple trees, but the contrary. It keeps the soil moist, and of a uniform temperature—protecting the roots in summer against heat and drouth, and in winter against the severe effects of alternate thawing and freezing. It should also be remembered in setting out young orchards, to get the trees as low branched as possible. They will generally not grow so high, while the low boughs protect the trunk against the intense rays of the sun in the summer months, which are frequently very injurious to the health and productiveness of the trees.—*Germanston Telegraph.*

How delicious is a moist fruit in the thirteenth summer! And we can have it right to hand, if we wish. Graft a limb of the tree with the delicacy; another with another; and soon with the different varieties—early and late, sweet and sour, &c. The tree, with its great bole and powerful roots, will work them all—will work, indeed, a miracle. And yearly, there you have this valuable worker for you. It is but little trouble. See what fruit best thrives in your locality, and then select to suit taste.

The majority of fruit-growers say, that fruit screened from the winds, bears better than that which is exposed. Protected trees bear more fruit—but sometimes invite mould, &c. In the West it is clearly a benefit to screen.



### HOW TO FILL A VASE.

How few people know how to fill a garden vase so as to look well! It is a sad fact that three-fourths of the vases that we see are filled with so little taste that the whole effect is ruined. Having seen various vases well filled, we propose to describe the *modus operandi*.

First, then, the vase. It should be made of terra cotta, if we would be humble—of marble, if we would be grand. Of course the latter is much preferable, if we can afford it—but, if not, terra cotta, painted white, makes a very good substitute. Do not have iron vases, they are certain to kill the plants, from the iron becoming heated and warming the earth to such a degree that the plants die. We know of some friends of ours, who, being unfortunate enough to have purchased iron vases, invented a very good plan to overcome the difficulty resulting from them. They took a small nail keg and placed it inside of the vase—leaving previously bored several auger holes in the bottom for drainage. But, with terra cotta ones, or what is prettier, vases made out of rustic work, this is unnecessary.

Well, supposing we have the vases to suit our taste, the next matter to be attended to is the mould with which to fill them. We have found that mould, such as is used for potting in a greenhouse, answers admirably. The soil must be rich, however, as the roots of the plants are very much crowded together in a vase, and require a great deal of nourishment. The method of putting the soil in the vase is as follows: Place good "crocks," as the gardeners call them, over the holes in the bottom of the vase, and fill in about two-thirds of the depth of the inside of the vase with the soil referred to above, pressing it quite firmly.

Now we are ready for our plants. What shall we put in it? We will try to answer this question. Select for the centre some upright growing plant—we have found Fuchsias, Scarlet Geraniums, and Rose Geraniums to answer admirably, provided that they are kept pruned severely to make them grow bushy. We have seen Roses used as centre plants, but they do not answer, as their roots require more room than can be afforded them in a vase. Having placed one of the above-named plants in the centre, we must find something of a creeping nature for the sides, to hang down over them, and give to the vase a graceful look. For this purpose, the two kinds of *Tradescantia* (*T. discolor* and *viridis*) answer admirably. Blue Lo-

bella, Boston and Kenilworth Ivy, Sweet Alyssum and P. Periwinkle may be used with the *Tradescantia*, with good effect.

We have seen a beautiful vase, with nothing in it but Periwinkle. The effect was charming, but it would not do for a sunny situation, as Periwinkle thrives best in the shade.—[*Gardener's Monthly*.]

### Horticultural Items.

Mildew and mould are the offspring of dampness—hence, a wet season produces them. So a confined place will have a similar effect. It is not good to plant anything too close—corn, for instance, potatoes, peas and oats. How the rust will strike them and the mildew! Heat and moisture will do it. Vines are still more subject. Thus hops, grapes. What difficulty we have with them! Too close to the house, or too close in the row—there will be rust and mildew. The extravagant growth of hop vines last summer in some places, destroyed the crop. Mould and insects were harbored. The upland perfects its seed best: it has less straw, more air. Give room, then. Invite the wind and the sun. We cannot make an upland locality out of the valley, but we can do much toward it by being less sparing of our soil.

How beautifully we sow insects when we let our wormy fruit drop and remain on the ground! The next year the tree will get the benefit of their ravages.

We have observed that berries—of all kinds—grow best, and get ripest soonest, when grown among decayed woods, especially when a spring is near by. There must be considerable moisture for good success. Bushes growing along a decayed log ripen a week earlier in general, and have much larger berries. Where the soil is rich and light, however, all are good.

We have seen manure from the cow-stable applied to strawberries with marked benefit. It is used as a top-dressing in the spring. Of course, a mulch, in such case, is necessary.

**CRYSTALLIZED FRUIT.**—Beat the white of an egg to a froth; dip your fruit in it; then roll it in white sifted sugar candy; when quite dry, place the fruit in a stove, to be very slowly dried. Or you may dry your fruit first, then dip it white of an egg and dust with white sugar, or sugar candy, finally drying it off.

Never allow the surface of the soil in a pot or in the ground to be long without stirring, unless it be naturally very open, as is the case with peat earth.

## Proceedings of the American Pomological Convention,

ASSEMBLED AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., ON TUESDAY, THE 13TH SEPTEMBER, 1884, AND TWO FOLLOWING DAYS.

(Continued from last month.)

### GRAPES.

H. E. Hooker asked if the Society had prepared a list of Rejected Grapes.

#### ADIRONDAC.

D. W. Beadle: Here are specimens from Mr. Bailey. I wish to inquire as to its hardiness; it grew well with me, but last winter was killed root and branch.

T. C. Thurlow, Mass.: Had vines wholly uncovered last winter, and they bore fruit; ther. 10 to 15° Fah.

D. W. Beadle: It was 15° below zero with us.

Mr.—: Many hardy vines are tender while young.

G. W. Campbell, Del. Ohio: Planted a quantity two years ago last spring, grew well, cut back in fall to three or four inches, covered with fallen leaves and then a little earth over them. I found most of the vines killed to the collar, and some that were grafted were entirely killed; ther. 10 to 12° below zero, with a strong wind. I am satisfied the Adirondac is tender; the Rebecca under the same circumstances was uninjured; four year old Rebeccas tied up, were killed to the ground; the Delawares under the same circumstances were least injured.

J. Knox, Pittsburgh: I have some of the Adirondac planted in '63 left unprotected last winter, were uninjured; ther. at 7° below zero.

E. W. Sylvester, Lyons, N.Y.: Planted in '63, covered slightly, had grown five to six feet, uninjured; ther. 2° below zero; 14 miles from the lake.

C. M. Hovey, Boston: Planted in '63, made poor growth from being in shade, cut down to three to four eyes, unprotected, did well; saw Mr. Bailey's vines, they grew and bore well; think the Adirondac rather earlier than Hartford Prolific; think the growth like the Isabella; may be a seedling of it. I think that a single vine dying, or young vines dying, are not to be taken as proof that the mature vine is tender—gave instances in point; think it as hardy as Isabella and Diana.

J. W. Bailey, Plattsburgh, N.Y.: It is my uniform practice to cover all my grapes with earth, even the Concord. I have not claimed extra hardiness for the Adirondac, it is as hardy as the Isabella; may be more so. My grapes are grown on trellis, without any contrivance to forward them but ordinary cultivation; it is about four days before the Hartford, about two weeks before the Delaware. It is before anything I have. I have the Hartford and Concord, grown on the same trellis, to show the difference. Mr. Thayer, of Indiana, writes, he is "much troubled with sun-scald, but his Adirondac is entirely free from it." It never drops leaves or fruit. The fruit holds well to the bunch; think it will be much better in the West than with us.

#### CREVELING—exhibited.

J. Knox, Pittsburgh: It is improving with age and culture; seen much better bunches than those here; as the vine grows older, the bunch grows more compact; think it earlier than Hartford—this year not so early.

A member: Have seen the Creveling for several years, and think this a good bunch; a good grape in the family, but such bunches will not sell; hang on the bunch very well; you can pull out the central pulp in pulling off the berry, but the bunch itself is never full. This habit is I believe natural and permanent.

Dr. Bates: Considers the Creveling a good, early grape, of better quality than the Hartford. These bunches are about the poorest I ever saw; they will sell at a better price than the Hartford.

Harkins, Penn.: These bunches were raised by me; think it will never produce fine looking bunches, but it will become a popular grape; think there is a deficiency in the formation of the fruit, many of the

parts of the bloom fall off prematurely, this rather increases the size of the berry; ripe with me first of September.

Mr.—: I never saw such loose bunches as those here; it never drops from the bunch; I have sent it to market for a week at a time, and never saw a loose berry in the basket; so it looks as well when it gets to market as the Hartford.

Mr. Worden: Has fruited it for six years, and agrees with Mr. Hooker; you must please the eye as well as the taste.

Mr.—: I have fruited for two years, bunch always loose, not so early as Hartford.

Dr. Edwards, Mo.: My vines are healthy and grow rapidly; there is much in the location, a few miles making a great difference.

Mr. Carpenter: Find it a strong grower, and think it a good early grape.

#### UNION VILLAGE AND ONTARIO.

D. W. Beadle, Canada: Have the two varieties, and find them the same; bunch and berry large, fine for market, as hardy as Diana, a little earlier; ten days earlier than Isabella. We always cover grapes in Canada; the vines that bore the fruit now before the meeting, were planted on the same day.

J. Knox, Pittsburgh: Is one of the most profitable, its quality about as the Isabella, and its size brings a fine price; I get 50c a pound.

P. B. Mead: Have grown both vines and think them identical; the name Ontario should be dropped, even as a synonym; it is as good as Isabella; would plant Union Village for market in preference to Concord; if well grown, they are double or two-thirds larger than Concord.

Mr. Field: I think the Union Village about the same as the Isabella, and should be rejected.

J. D. G. Nelson, Ind.: Think so little of either that I put both away; a man can raise a 1000 lbs. of Concord for ten lbs. of either of the others.

Dr. Edwards: I have them both under the same name; grapes that are valueless here, are of great value with us in Mo. The Union Village is better with us than any Isabella I have seen here. Think it will be profitable in Mo.

J. G. Bergen and Carpenter classed it with the Isabella.

C. M. Hovey: Think it profitable for market, it will bring from 10 to 16 per 100 lbs. by the ton.

Mr. Urie: Some gentlemen speak of its value for market, but the time is fast coming when grapes will be sold for their intrinsic value. I move to drop the name Ontario.

C. Downing: It drops before being fully ripe; it is not worth growing for my eating.

W. Saunders, Washington, D. C.: No one wants it that can get a Delaware.

Mr. Paul: Think the Union Village and Ontario distinct.

C. Downing: Have had them many years and find them the same.

G. W. Campbell, Ohio: Think the Ontario a seedling of Union Village.

It was, on motion, Resolved, That the Union Village and Ontario being identical, the name Ontario be no longer used.

#### REBECCA—exhibited.

C. M. Hovey: Think it the finest grape in this country; glad to learn it is improving in regard to its growth; think that Mr. Prince is now convinced that it is a native seedling grape; it does very well.

W. Brockbank, Hudson, N.Y.: Have had it for 18 years, a good grower, fruits well, ripens a week later than Delaware; is as hardy as Isabella; my situation is very exposed.

J. G. Bergen, N.Y.: I don't cover in winter, and have found the Rebecca slightly injured; more liable to drop its leaves than the Delaware; not as hardy as the latter.

Mr. Thompson: If put in paper in boxes in a cool room, will keep as long as the Diana.

Mr. Paul: Have had it for many years; we have ripened them, but not well in Mass.; about as hardy as Delaware; takes better land than Hartford and Concord; keeps easily all winter.

J. D. G. Nelson, Ind.: There are two vines that had 300 lbs. and over, the two vines occupying about twenty-five feet.

Mr. Hogg: I have grown for three years in light sandy soil for very little fruit.

Mr. Vail: I find it stands the winter better than the summer.

W. S. Carpenter: I have two vines of this variety; it is hardy, holds its leaves well, but is a weak grower; worthy of being retained in a small collection.

H. E. Hooker: Was surprised to hear it called a good grower; nothing beside the Delaware or Concord. The quality beyond question.

J. Knox, Pittsburgh: It grows well with me, bears a good crop.

P. B. Mead: Foliage is too delicate for open vineyard culture, is a little too fastidious about soil, in a good soil is handsome indeed, in poor soil is very indifferent. I class it as an amateur fruit. It should have protection in the garden on the north side, from the cold north and north-west wind. Mr. Smith has it under glass and sells the fruit at seventy-five cents a pound as a foreign grape. Sold as a native, it will not bring half that price. Well ripened bunches have a great deal of flavor.

W. S. Carpenter: In New York it is a good market fruit, it has become popular.

#### MAXATAWY—exhibited.

J. G. Bergen: It was brought out some two years since.

Mr. Noble: Grows better in the city than the country, the vine is more thrifty.

Mr. Brooks: The best white grape in our section, a little late, a little later than Rebecca, but more valuable.

G. W. Campbell: Fruited with us two years, but did not taste it fully ripe: when they began to ripen, the birds took the grapes. This year the vine is quite full, the bunches long; compared with the Rebecca, its period of ripening about the same, stronger grower, better foliage, young vines mildew less.

W. Parry, New Jersey: Have them growing, but not producing fruit; so far it is satisfactory; think it desirable; have seen it at Moorestown, N. J., bunches were not so big as these but large.

P. B. Mead: Will not do North; with me it ripens 10 to 12 days later than Rebecca; quality very good indeed; for New York it will not do.

Wm. Saunders: Does very well with us in Washington, is a fine grape; quite early with us, not so early as the Lincoln, but about with the Delaware; have been familiar with it for years; think it like a white Isabella; will certainly ripen where the Isabella will; Isabella has not begun to color when it is ripe; strong grower; there is some difficulty in the filling out the bunches.

O. Downing: Not ripe with me, fruit don't set well, bunches small, but vine hardy; there is much difference in the given time of ripening, but the Maxatawney is not alone in this; there is much difference in locality in regard to ripening; it is very important we should note the locality.

J. J. Thomas: In stating the time of ripening, it is important to observe that two or three days in August will ripen more than two or three weeks late in the season, and if you go far north, you cannot ripen a Catawba in ten years.

#### IONA—exhibited.

Dr. C. W. Grant: It is supposed to have been raised from seed of the Diana; bore fruit in '57, in three years from the seed; bunches were taken from vines on the 20th Aug. and were quite sweet and tender to the centre; but the shade deepens and the bloom becomes deeper; quite transparent; from a half to three quarter times as large as there; it has not had rot, mildew, or leaf-blight this season, while the Dela-

ware showed signs of injury. Among from 5 to 6000 seedlings these were the best, and the first season of its growth it made a cane of six feet. They were left exposed during the winter when the ther. was 29° below zero; shows the transparency of the foreign grape, not opaque like the ordinary native; has fruited in numerous localities from Vermont to Delaware; ripens evenly, a little earlier than Delaware; have never laid it down in winter (the year after the fire I laid it down for fear of losing the variety), and never lost a vine; other grapes on the place had much rot—the Isabella had much, the Iona and Israella had none. Kept till spring, the grapes dry into raisins. It is peculiar in the form of the bunch being winged or double-shouldered like the foreign grapes. The must is very heavy; Delaware about 102°; both it and Iona were above the standard.

C. Downing: Have fruited it for three years; very hardy; leaf first rate; large bunch, not so compact as some; if it holds out as well as it has done the last three years, it will be one of the best of grapes.

P. B. Mead: Well acquainted with Iona; got one of the first vines sent out on trial, and believe that I have the fruit in greater perfection than the Doctor; six years since I received it; a good grower; ripens its wood very thoroughly; wood of very good size, short joint, holds its leaves well. I don't say it is entirely free from disease, but it has less of disease than any other vine I know; there is no vine in cultivation that is entirely free from disease; sufficiently early to ripen in any part of the country that will ripen grapes; with me it ripens about the time of the Delaware. It is not well to say on any certain day, as that will depend upon latitude and location; superior to the Delaware in the fineness of its flavor; next comes the Diana; is a good sized bunch; berry tender and sweet before ripe and developed its full flavor. We will have to divide grapes into two classes.

Dr. Edwards read a letter from John H. Tice, on the condition of the vineyards of the West, which he was then visiting with the Committee of the Missouri State Horticultural Society.

#### ISRAELLA—exhibited.

Dr. Grant said this was the twin of the Iona, fruited four years ago, and differs in being more thoroughly a native; earlier; ripens from the surface to the centre; ripens earliest of any grape; large bunch and berry; hangs well on the bunch, has kept till March, very prolific; ripens two weeks before Delaware, and good to eat before Hartford has changed color; quite hardy.

#### DIANA—exhibited.

M. B. Bateham, Ohio: It is much questioned by many whether this grape should be recommended or not.

President: In the plate before me, it is highly colored for this latitude.

J. Knox, Pittsburgh: One of the best grapes we have, vine a little tender, tendency to overbear. I protect this and several others, and get a good crop. Of five varieties, I would have Diana, it makes good wine, best keeper I have.

Mr.—: Have been disappointed in the Diana, get more from one Delaware than twenty Dianias.

Mr.—: In Michigan it is one of the most valuable varieties.

Dr. Grant: Have had it for twelve years; since the third it has had first-rate crops; it has had a little rot when the Catawba and Isabella had; to a great degree free from mildew; the old vines ripen evenly; comes early into season, but is best at the end. When allowed to ramble and grow long, the best buds are cut away; after being in bearing, the canes become short and fine; place it second to the Delaware for wine; keeps well.

Mr. Langworthy: Has grown well, but not borne much fruit.

#### DIANA HAMBURG—exhibited.

H. E. Hooker, Rochester: It is a seedling, raised by Mr. Moore, and is a cross between the Diana and



Black Hamburg; think that its intrinsic excellence will bring it out; it is valuable as the result of a fair attempt to cross our good native sorts with the best foreign ones; the leaf leaves no doubt as to its native origin; it has been questioned if ever there was a true cross between the native and foreign varieties—this is beyond a doubt the Diana and Black Hamburg. This is the first season of fruiting—the Diana is the mother; think it is perfectly hardy.

P. B. Mead: Think this a true hybrid, both in fruit and foliage; a good grape, and hope specimens will be sent to the Fruit Committee. Diana has produced more good grapes than any other.

ROGERS' HYBRIDS—several numbers exhibited.

G. W. Campbell, Ohio: Think the female parent too poor a variety to operate with; think No. 3 the best; fruited ten or eleven varieties; place No. 4 next.

J. J. Thomas: No. 9 is a very beautiful variety of the Catawba type; much of the flavor, large, handsome than Diana.

G. W. Campbell: Fruited No. 9 three years, think it inferior to No. 3.

J. G. Bergen: Fruited 17 varieties; don't think the numbers agree; as far as flavor is concerned, I find but few good; No. 5 is perhaps the best, small bunch and berry; 44 earliest. I have marketed 43, 41, 33, 13, 15, 4, 3. Five is the best flavored of all, but small; none but the 44 were ripe when I left home.

G. W. Campbell: In regard to hardiness, last winter all the numbers were unprotected; 1, 15, 19, were all somewhat injured, and bore fruit only on the buds at the root; Nos. 3, 4, next about as much injured as Concord; 5, 19, 13, tolerably hardy. Don't like the fruit of No. 1, large and handsome, but flavor don't suit me: No. 15 seems to suit many palates better than mine; don't think it as good as No. 4, which is most productive, large, handsome bunch, better than Concord.

Mr. Little: What is the quality of 44?

J. G. Bergen: 44 is earlier than Delaware; No. 9 was winter killed; 17 is superior either to Hartford or Concord.

P. Barry: I ask Mr. Campbell's opinion as to their being hybrids. I think Mr. Rogers must be mistaken in this, without having any intention to deceive.

G. W. Campbell: I have no doubt of the fact of many of the varieties being hybrids. I have planted the seeds of these grapes, and see a tendency to go back to both parents; others have a leaf like the foreign parent, and some have leaves like the mature Delaware leaf; in No. 4 the leaf is much thinner than the original, and the bunch so like the Black Hamburg I cannot tell the difference at a short distance. The female parent has only four to five berries on a bunch.

Mr. Moore: Thinks they are true hybrids, can see it in both fruit and leaf; No. 4 is much like a foreign grape.

Mr. Parsons: No. 1 mildews, 4 surpasses all the others, but is too late for us, and was nothing superior to Hartford or Concord.

It was Resolved, That a Committee be appointed to examine and report upon the Rogers' hybrids, and give them names, with consent of Mr. Rogers.

P. B. Mead: I want to understand, if selecting these grapes, we recommend them for cultivation.

President: Thought the report would show that, and the action upon the report.

ISABELLA—exhibited.

M. B. Batcham: This is like the Aiken, so much talked of some time since.

G. Hoadley, Cin.: Have known it for twenty-five years grown like these, and never heard it called the Aiken.

M. B. Batcham: It is the Isabella, and the effects of cultivation and soil; the two varieties came from the same cuttings, in different soil and circumstances.

H. E. Hooker: I called the attention of our Fruit Growers' Society to some bunches raised by Mr. Alexander, Beach St., here; they were of such size and

beauty that old cultivators were struck with them; I examined the vine and found them true Isabellas.

TO KALON—exhibited.

Dr. Edwards, Mo.: Not productive.

J. Knox, Pittsburgh: Think it a good grape, but some others are superior.

Mr. —: I have a vine these six years, and have not had a perfect bunch.

P. B. Mead: Liable to so many faults, it should be rejected.

Mr. Harkins, Penn.: It does not do much with us.

Dr. Grant: Fruited for 15 years, under some circumstances find it good; and if we look back in grape culture 15 years, you will see reason in then calling it good and beautiful; brings few bunches to the cane, is large, tender to the centre.

Mr. Brooks: Has had it ten years, and not had a good crop yet.

LYDIA.

G. W. Campbell, Ohio: Find it a good grower, young vines mildew, but less than Rebecca; hardiness equal to Isabella; bunch medium, berry large, fine flavor, ripens about the same as Rebecca, and with me more valuable than it; color, light green, with amber in the sun; quality good, a little more pulpy than Rebecca.

P. B. Mead: Grown the Lydia for two or three years, sent by Mr. Carpenter, a good grower, not first rate, but its position for the vineyard above Rebecca, more hardy and robust, not sufficiently good for general cultivation; we want grapes now to have much merit. Mr. Carpenter has better seedlings.

ALLEN'S HYBRID—exhibited.

P. B. Mead: Good grape, think much of it as a fruit; it is tender, sweet, with a degree of flavor much like some of the foreign grapes; much like Chasselas Fontainebleau; will not do well for vineyard culture, liable to mildew; it loses its leaves and requires something to shelter it; a strong grower, the second year grew thirty-three feet.

C. M. Hovey: It has been before the Society for ten years, believe it a true hybrid; Mr. Allen raised several varieties from the same seed, and he has discarded all but this; he raised it in the house and then tried it out of doors; we have this year the best grapes grown out of doors ever shown in this State; vine had no more mildew than the Hartford; better than Delaware or Rebecca.

E. B. Prosser, Geneva: We have been receiving this variety for sale as large as the Isabella; last winter it stood out; this year it showed some tendency to mildew; the drouth stopped the growth and the leaves dropped; better than Rebecca.

P. B. Mead: I know perhaps twenty persons who had it tried for over five years in the vineyard and gave it up; I would plant it in a sheltered place.

C. M. Hovey: From what I saw at Mr. Strong's, I place it with the Delaware, Rebecca, &c.

C. Downing: It is early, the earliest I have, keeps well.

Mr. Kern: I have one vine, it mildews in the leaf and fruit, and has not a perfect bunch on the vine.

Dr. Grant has cultivated it for five years, is a good grower, very free from mildew; the bunches here are not good samples; it has done finely this year, better than before.

MILES' SEEDLING.

C. Downing: Think much of it, good grower, hardy, early, good flavor, medium size bunch and berry; black.

J. G. Bergen: Fruited it this year, and among 50 native varieties the Miles is earliest.

Mr. Brooks: Good grower, pleasant flavor, stands a little before Hartford.

CUYAHOGA.

G. W. Campbell: Too late in ripening with me; it requires a season as long as Catawba; never ripens well; growth good after it gets a little age; mildews when young; endures cold better than I expected. I left it out last winter, and the buds were only partial-

ly killed. I think it the same as Coleman's White.

Mr. Harkins, Penn.: I called it up because three years ago I received it from —; they have not given satisfaction; fruit poor; vine like a fox.

President: There was a Coleman's White sent out distinct from Cuyahoga, a common white fox.

P. B. Mead: Ripens too late to be of much use here; there is so much difference between the Coleman's White and Cuyahoga, a person walking past can see the difference. I got my vine from Mr. Robinson who has the original.

#### HYDE'S MADEIRA.

President: It was in the Cincinnati Society 20 years ago; it is hardy, productive, makes red wine, essentially a wine grape, one of the best in the country.

#### WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Wm. Muir, Mo., moved—Resolved, That this Society appoint a committee to correspond with similar societies in all the States; to urge these societies to take such action as may be necessary to induce the several railroad companies to transport the members and delegates of all such societies over their several lines at half fare while in attendance on the meetings and exhibitions of these societies; adopted.

J. G. Bergen, N. Y., moved that the Isabella be transferred from the list of the Society for general cultivation; adopted. Said there are hundreds of vineyards of from one to twenty acres in this variety, that are total failures.

#### DELAWARE.

Mr. —: What as to its wine making qualities.

Rev. J. Knox, Pittsburgh, Penn.: I regard the Hartford as the best very early grape that has yet been thoroughly tested; there are several kinds of much promise: Hartford brings a high price in market, vine and fruit very free from disease, with a large crop of good fruit; 12 vines at four years old bore 628 lbs. fruit; does not drop, hangs on the vines till it dries into raisins.

Mr. Harkins, Penn.: This is not my experience; it falls from the bunch; the Creveling ripens earlier than the Hartford.

Mr. —: It is essential to have grapes ripen early to prevent the injuries of the Rose bug; Hartford brings most money with us.

J. Knox: I estimate Hartford highly, but would not advise to plant largely, there are other grapes that may be better; take it all in all, none so valuable for market and table as Concord; preferred by nine-tenths of those who buy grapes to the Delaware; there is no doubt it improves further South. It is taking strong ground as a wine grape; I think Delaware makes better wine.

Mr. Whitlow, Boston: On the same trellis, the Concord and Adirondac ripen at the same time; am well acquainted with the old vine, and did not know if it would do as well as at Port Henry, but, having seen it am satisfied upon that point.

Wm. Saunders, Washington, D. C.: Have noticed and called attention to the fact that vines do not always ripen at the same time in the same localities.

[Reported for the Valley Farmer.]

#### Meramec Horticultural Society.

EBRKA, 6th Oct., 1864.

The seventieth monthly meeting was held at the house of L. D. Votaw. President Beale in the chair.

Notices of two grapes of recent introduction were read by the Secretary as follows:

I. JOHNSTONE'S CALIFORNIA GRAPE, grown by Jas. A. Hurst, Albany, N. Y. Statement accompanying grapes exhibited before the Am. Pomological Convention, held at Rochester, N. Y., 13th Sept. In 1854, B. P. Johnstone Esq., Sec. State Ag. Soc. N. Y., received from Mr. W. B. Osborne, of Los Angeles Co. Cal., formerly of Oneida Co., N. Y., some of these grapes and a box of cuttings. The grapes were exceedingly fine, several of the clusters weighed 2 lbs. 2½ ozs. Having been packed in red wood sawdust,

the flavor was much affected, and the true flavor could not be determined. The cuttings were very dry; they were distributed extensively in this State.

J. A. Hurst, of Albany, succeeded with his cuttings, and Dennis Bowen, Esq., Buffalo, with his. Mr. Hurst's were planted in his garden in this city; his vines were covered in the winter, and in '59 they bore the first time, and a number of clusters ripened in the open air; they were not as large as the grapes sent; were of fine flavor. In '62, Dennis Bowen sent samples, raised by him in the cold graperies—though not as large as the California clusters, the flavor was similar to Mr. Hurst's. In '64, Mr. Hurst's vines produced some very fine clusters, which are nearly ripe, and a sample is herewith presented. This grape was from one of the old Spanish missions, its name and origin further is not known. Mr. Hurst, in order to distinguish it, names it Johnstone's California Grape. It has a close resemblance to the Zinfandel, and may prove that variety naturalized.

II. THE YEDDO GRAPE, by S. B. Parsons, Flushing, Long Island. The first account we have of it is from the pen of Robert Fortune, the well-known Chinese traveler, which was published in the Gardener's Chronicle for April, 1861. He says: "The vine of this district, which we may as well name at once the Yeddo Vine, produces a fruit of great excellence. The bunches are of a medium size, berries of a brownish color, thin skinned, and the flavor is all that can be desired. This grape may be valued in England, where we have so many fine kinds, and most certainly will be highly prized in the United States of America."

Having seen this article, and desiring other Japan plants, we wrote minister Harris, who handed our letter to Dr. Hall, then in Japan. The result was, that in the spring of '62, Dr. Hall walked into our office, and proposed to place in our hands a large variety of Japan plants, among them was this Yeddo Vine. We at once grafted it upon a strong native vine, and planted it in a good soil; during the last winter it was covered with straw, and up to this time (Sept. '63) its growth is very remarkable, and scarcely surpassed by any of the native sorts. The main stem is as thick as a man's finger, and from it proceeds four strong branches seven and eight feet long. By autumn they will probably be twelve or fifteen feet. The leaves resemble those of the Delaware, while the stem is unlike any other grape known. There is every reason to suppose it will be perfectly hardy, because nearly all the plants which have hitherto been introduced from Japan have proved hardy in our climate.

This grape is spoken of by Mr. Hogg as a good grape, and likely to be perfectly hardy.

From what was seen of these two varieties of grape, there is no doubt of their value to our State, not only in themselves, but as furnishing parents to future seedlings adapted to the wants of our State.

Samples of Iona from Dr. Grant, Adirondac from Mr. Bailey, of Bullitt and Roger's No. 44 from Mr. Brocksbank, were presented by the Secretary.

The Iona was pronounced the best native grape ever tasted, after the bunch had traveled so many miles, and though exposed to the air for three weeks, it still adhered firmly to the bunch, and, when shaken, fewer berries fell than from Hartford or Concord a day off the vine.

Adirondac was bruised but very fine, and it will be in point of earliness and hardness that the decision can be come at between it and the Iona.

The bunches of Bullitt were as full and perfectly compacted as the Delaware.

Roger's 44 was large, black, pulpy, and with a strong native perfume; all of these Hybrids exhibited had the same elements so largely predominating as to place them exclusively on the lists of the curious; and notwithstanding the fineness of the size, colors, forms and bunches, have but little claim to gen-

eral favor alongside of Delaware, Iona, Israela and Adirondac.

The samples of the Taylor gave new life to the hopes of its cultivators.

The Fruit Committee reported by R. A. Lewis, Jenet, Bowles, and a variety unknown. L. D. Votaw, Red Winter Pearmain, cracking, Golden Russet and two varieties not named; the Russet, of exquisite flavor. Dr. Beale, Jonatan, very large. Wm. Muir, Baldwin, Red Winter Pearmain, Jonatan, Gilpin, Milam, Asopus Spitzenberg, Hewes Crab and Jonathan; the Milam, from its fine size (medium), early, uniform bearing, being evenly distributed over the tree, and maintaining its flavor in perfection when cooked, merite more general attention.

Flower Committee reported a fine bouquet by Mrs. Dr. Beale.

Vegetable Committee reported very large Sweet Potatoes by R. A. Lewis. Good Peach Blow, White Neshannock, Fluke, Pink Eye, White Sprout and Blue Kidney Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Turnip Radish and Tomatoes, by L. D. Votaw.

The President announced that the next meeting be held at his house near Eureka, on the first Thursday of November. W. Muir, Sec.

### Alton Horticultural Society.

FRIDAY, Oct. 7, 1864.

The Society met at the residence of Jonathan Huggins, near Woodburn.

The Fruit Committee reported on exhibition, from Jonathan Huggins—APPLES, Penn. Red Streak, Fall Pippin, Wagner, Gloria Mundi, Gilpin, R. I. Greening, Milam, Am. Pippin, Baldwin, Janet, Pomme Grise, Red Canada, Domine, Winesap, Aldrich Russet, Yel. Belleflower, Eng. Golden Russet, Asopus Spitzenberg, Pennock, Limber Twig, Roman Stem, Rambo, Belmont, Northern Spy, Newton Pippin, Cheesboro Russet, Fallawalden, Sweet Apple unknown. PEARS—Winter Nellis, Glout Moreau, Vicar of Winkfield, Louise Bonne de Jersey. PEACH—a seedling from a low branch covered by snow during the severe cold of Jan. last.

From F. Curtis: Ortley, very fine; Newton Pippin, Pryor's Red, Penn. Red Streak.

From W. C. Flagg, APPLES—Fallawalden, Rambo, Ortley, Hubbardston Nonpareil, Roman Stem, Willow Twig, Fall Wine, Kingsley, Michael Henry Pippin, Red Fall apple for name. PEARS—Beurre Bosc, Onondaga, and one for name.

From Jas. E. Starr, a small red seedling apple.

The special committee on Tree Planting, reported: That they regard Autumn, commencing about the last October, as the best time in this latitude to plant out most deciduous trees and plants. All hardy trees, if in good order, we believe, are best moved in fall. The apple may be moved with safety at any time through the winter, when the frost and condition of the soil admit. The strawberry, if planted in September, ordinarily will give a moderate crop the following season. Blackberry, currant, gooseberry and pie-plant, should always be moved in fall and never late in the spring. Evergreens in spring just as the buds begin to swell. All other trees and plants, if not moved in fall, early in spring, just as soon as the frost is out of the ground, and soil in working order.

Let the soil intended for trees or plants, be deeply stirred—say 12 to 14 inches deep. The holes, in prairie soil thus prepared need not be larger than sufficient to contain the roots in their natural position. In sandy soil larger holes may be dug and filled with rich top-soil before planting the tree.

Let broken parts of roots be cut off, and the top of the tree reduced to correspond with the loss of roots. Every root should be straightened out in its natural order, and surrounded with good, moist earth; tread the soil gently. Now raise the earth around the tree or plant above the surrounding soil and tread firmly. In fall planting, a mound of earth should be raised

around all trees, 10 to 12 inches, and firmly trod—remove it in spring.

Small plants should be well mulched as a protection from frost. We would plant all trees, except evergreens, a little deeper than they stood in the nursery. Success lies in stirring the soil often while the trees are young, pruning, and destroying the borer and worms.

Dr. Hull: Would plant peach trees in spring, and put 3 or 4 inches lower than in nursery, to avoid the borer. Prepare ground 3 feet deep by plowing dead furrows, and then filling them by reversing the operation.

Mr. Flagg in one instance bought a lot of peach trees in the fall, and the remainder the next spring. Those planted in the spring lived and thrive best.

Dr. Hull said that in case of trees planted in spring the roots penetrated the soil more easily.

Mr. Huggins: Earth was better packed around the roots by the winter rains, when planting was done in the fall. More leisure then.

Mr. Flagg: Some of the books say plant stone fruits in spring.

Dr. Hull: Strawberry plants set in Sept., should be protected to avoid freezing out.

Mr. Barton gave the experience of a lecturer, who produced a peach tree, that being planted deeply had put out a new set of roots near the surface and rotted off below. This was in a more northern climate.

Mr. Redfield believed deep planting a sure protection against drought.

Mr. Huggins would plant according to soil—shallow in a wet soil, deep in a dry one.

Dr. Hull would prepare soil thoroughly so as to make it, whether wet or dry, of uniform goodness before planting.

Mr. Flagg questioned the propriety of tramping earth around the roots.

Dr. Hull: Calluses form best in loose earth.

Wine Committee reported on sample of Cunningham Wine brought from Hermann, and presented by W. T. Miller. Find it a wine of remarkable sweetness. Believe it to be pure, without sugar; sweetness may result from arrested fermentation.

The Society then discussed the repast provided by the hospitality of Mrs. Huggins.

Mr. Huggins has 120 acres. 15 in nursery, 55 in orchards, and 50 in woodland and pasture. The orchards contain about 3,000 apple, 1,000 peach, 400 pear, 50 cherry, 500 gooseberry, 200 currant, and 2 of an acre of strawberry.

Of apples he has planted mostly the Winesap, Janet and Gilpin. The dwarf pear orchard, containing about 200 trees, four years, set in under-drained ground, has produced this year \$150 in fruit. Judging from experience of this year, the Howell has proved best for profit and taste combined. Belle Lucrative, Duchesse d'Angouleme, and Louise Bonne de Jersey, have been most productive, and the two latter most profitable. The Vicar of Winkfield is quite full of unripe fruit.

Wilson's Albany Strawberry has here done well, even under neglect for two years, and produced \$200 worth of fruit the present season.

The Richardson pear is also a favorite market fruit of Mr. Huggins, and more profitable than Bartlett.—It is an early pear not known in the books.

The Society adjourned to meet at the residence of W. C. Flagg, on Friday, Nov. 4th, at 10 A.M.

In California, they have strawberries for ten months in the year, so says a correspondent. In one of our exchanges—says manure is not used in California, irrigation being the means resorted to, to enrich the soil. The land, which is a sandy soil, is kept perfectly mellow and well watered.





### ABOUT POETS AND POETRY.

America has no artist among her poets. No great mind has devoted its exclusive energies to the task of writing verses—which accounts for it. Why? Because it is not lucrative.—The phrase, "it won't pay," enters into all the departments of the national life. But this alone is not a preventive. We are not yet settled. When the agitation once ceases to be a mania, then fruit will appear. In England and Europe the subsidence has long since taken place; and here genius, in all the division of the fine arts, flourishes.

Tennyson is an artist: not like Shakespeare, who conceals his art—conceals it, because he never aimed at it, but saw all, art in nature and as nature, and recorded the whole. With Shakespeare, poetry is clearly an inspiration; with Tennyson, a trade. The former exhibits genius, the latter betrays his art. The effort of Shakespeare's muse seems only incidental. He availed himself of it as a means to secure a purpose. It was not a lifetime discipline, as is necessary with others.

In America, no one devotes his whole life to poetry. Bryant is an editor, and writes little poetry. Lowell is found in many fields. Longfellow is the author of a romance, and other prose works. Poetry seems not to have been the aim of Halleck. Willis is a *feuilletonist*.—His Scripture poems (his most popular) are mere off-hand effusions, devoid of cultivation and high merit. Prose is his forte and his vocation. Whittier writes poetry; but not as an art. Emerson is hardly accounted a poet, so little he writes. Verse writing is mere pastime with our poets. They have been taught to do so by the critics.

In Tennyson, we have a life given to the pursuit. Had half his time been given to other labor, he would not be laureate—only a singer, like his trans-atlantic brethren. Tennyson labors hard. All that preceded him in English

poetry is his, effectually—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, the early dramatists, the Aldine bards. He has not only their thought and sentiment, but their "coinage." He understands as well their obsolete terms as they understood them. He possesses feeling and imagination, and these by a natural affinity attract the old words with the old emotions still clinging to them. They leap to his verse like particles to the magnet—not always, they are sometimes placed there—and the fire of his feelings fuses them, and forms them into an harmonious whole, so that the phrase is as much Tennyson's as Chaucer's. His thorough acquaintance with all the great poets, and full appreciation of their merits, make him the best judge of his own poetry. No one so well as he sees the fitness. His ear is open to all the finest sounds. No one hears as much as he; and the greatest element in his art is his *apparent originality*.—This is so decided, that, like Shakespeare's, his poetry has become a recognized storehouse for pilferers. The thought in his hands is seen in a new light. It comes from afar, or is his, or is carried afar by him, till it loses the stamp of its paternity. This is the master workman; as such the greatest of poets; not absolutely; for Shakespeare is the chief of bards—and, it seems to us, the most perfect of men, as the man after all must be the fountain of his own poetry.

What an example, therefore, is Tennyson to the less gifted. Look at his "Maud." See what passion!—shreds torn from our common life, when that life is in a semi-morbid condition as it frequently is. There is less "art" here than in the "Princess." The latter exhibits fully his trade, and is cognate to his genius.—No such worker have we. Poe has effected something by art; more, however, by the natural music in him. Longfellow usually carries the palm in art among us; though we confess that we cannot see much of Tennyson's forte in the author of "Hiawatha."

Mr. Lowell reminds us of Tennyson in the appreciation of obsolete terms, selected more for the idea they embody than the sentiment, without that coherence which consolidates Tennyson's verse. In Lowell it amounts to affectation, heightened by the coining of new words—less the case now than formerly. The European literature is familiar to Tennyson, but not seen in his verse; or, it seen, under a guise. In Lowell, the German mist is perceptible, coloring and obacuring, more or less, all his efforts. Even his landscapes have the haze

of the Teutonic atmosphere. He dreams. In this he is anti-American, in contrast to Bryant, and, we may say, Street; though the latter has little individuality, and less sentiment.—Lowell has feeling—in his "Moosehead Journal," rough, honest feeling, an improvement on his sophomore productions. He is a good landscape painter, and, like Tennyson, excels in descriptions of women.

Different entirely from Lowell is Whittier. His "Maud Muller" stands alone, both in English and American literature. It is a New England poem—true to the inspiration of its author. It grew out of the soil as naturally as the flowers; and has their aroma. It is simple, unadorned. There is nothing foreign about it; no mist; no antiquity: it is the full expression of the modern, yet akin to the truth of the ancient. Whittier is a worker—an every-day, honest worker—not a dreamer. The same thought is thus expressed by the two poets. Whittier says of Maud—

But when she glanced to the far-off town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down,  
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her breast—  
A wish that she hardly dared to own  
For something better than she had known.

We take Lowell's from a 'Legend of Brittany.'

Full many a sweet forwarning hath the mind,  
Full many a whispering of vague desire,  
Ere comes the nature destined to unbind  
Its virgin zone, and all its deeps inspire;  
Low strivings in the leaves, before the wind  
Wakes all the green strings of the forest lyre;  
Faint beatings in the calyx, ere the rose  
Its warm, voluptuous breast doth all unclose.

[Written for the Valley Farmer.]

#### ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

There is a small brook near the house, where I sometimes go with a jar of leeches to change the water and substitute new pebbles for the old, the particular shapes and hues of which I had learned by heart. I thus got new pebbles to study fresh from the brook where I find a summer spot (in winter), and carry the evidence to my room. There I set the glass jar, side by side with my favorite authors, and when tired of these, I turn to the jar which, with its bright water, looks like a jewel; besides, here are actual pebbles and real life, as fresh as if you met them in midsummer in the field.

The stones are of a brown hue, agreeing with the general color of the leech, which, if you examine it closely, is one of the handsomest of living objects. But its greatest treasure is in

its association—it comes from the land of Rydal, bringing thence a picture of the pond, the hare racing on the moor, the morning after a shower, the stone on the bald-topped eminence, and the kindest of feelings in the old Leech-gatherer.

One evening, as usual, I seated myself at the table, watching alternately the busy life of the jar, and listening to the inaudible sound without—for it was snowing, that fine, sifted snow, so dense, it hides the nearest object from view, and makes the earth seem another Herculaneum. While thus employed for some time, a rap came to the door. Who could it be at this late hour—nearly midnight? I opened the door: before me stood a woman—her hood and shawl covered with snow. The face seemed familiar, and startled me. I asked her into the room. She stood a moment, undecided; then mechanically walked to a seat near the stove, which I had placed for her—giving, in passing, a glance at the jar where the leeches were in motion—and turned again for a look after she was seated, then, facing the stove, she remained in that position, apparently heedless of my request to have the snow removed from her garments. At length she rose, went to the door, turned and asked where Mrs. H— resided. If I had doubted before, her voice made all clear now. I had known her years before when she was growing into womanhood. We had been friends, more than friends—and I at once accounted for her manner. In those early days of acquaintance, we had often together read the Leech-gatherer—("Resolution and Independence"), and now the jar with its contents brought back the past—and we had again met with the same subject between us. With her fine taste, she had fully appreciated her author.

I informed her that Mrs. H— was no more a resident of this place, but had gone to the Far West. This startled her. She left, notwithstanding my entreaty to the contrary. The next morning I saw she had taken a position against the house, where, from appearance, she had remained a long time. On inquiry, I found she was at a neighbor's, where she lay indisposed. The next day came a messenger requesting my attendance; the doctor of the village being absent, I was sent for as the most fit person to direct in the case. I went. I found her in spasms, a paper containing strychnine lying on the stand near by. Immediately I ordered chloroform; applied it to her mouth, and met with immediate success; the muscles relaxed, and the patient felt quiet. I then ad-

ministered large doses of camphor. She recovered. My sister, who resided with me, and to whom she had also formerly been known, attended her. To her she related her history.

She had been married five years before—to gratify her father's wishes—a father whom she adored. She loved not the man of her father's choice. They moved to New York, where, shortly after, her husband left her to destitution and grief at the loss of her child. She resorted to the needle—she would not beg—but found it incompetent to her support. Her father died, also destitute. Extreme grief, and unaccustomed poverty and suffering, made her reckless, almost ere she was aware. She yielded to a dissolute life; continued it till she had obtained means to leave the city, which she did in disgust at her course, and in despair. She had one friend left. Her she had sought, as we have seen, but found not. She had not been aware of my residence here.

One day, while she still lingered on her couch, I called to see her. She was pale—the dark pallor of a brunette. There were still the beautiful hazel-brown eyes, and the over-abundant, once black, now gray, hair, contracting some what more the spare face. Years of sin and suffering had not destroyed the bashful look and quiet mien; but they had shrunken the once-rounded limbs.

My entrance annoyed her, as if she were not a fit subject for my presence. I was a bachelor, then, of forty; had had my share of "flirtations"—all transient. She alone seemed the friend nearer than all other, even during all this lapse of time. Not a day had come without a thought of her. Now she lay before me, wedded once (her husband dead), abandoned, the stigma of suicide upon her. Was not this a sight—for me! But it was the same life, the same being still. There was the same meek expression, as if innocence had there still its abode. Yes, it must be—evil was never deliberate in her. That repentant one was still pure, forgiven, in the sight of all-seeing Justice.

"Did she feel better?"

"Yes."

We were alone. I put my hand to her temples. I could not help but gaze regretfully, affectionately into those brown eyes; on that piteous gray hair. The eyes feared to meet mine; and the face slightly turned away. I spoke, "Ellen, you must come and stay with us." The throb at her temples increased.

"No; she could not stay with us; she would not even call."

"Why not?"

She moved her head negatively. She was resolute—I thought obstinate.

"Ellen, you do not despise us?"

She now for the first time raised her eyes to mine, inquiringly. Then she spoke,

"Do you know my history?"

"Lucy told me all;" meaning my sister.

"And do you want me to come, then?"

"Yes, Ellen, I want you to live with us always."

A painful sensation came over her face. She again spoke—

"George, I never had any hope of your regards; but I did not think this. Are men all alike? No, George. I shall go without adding this sin to my account—and to yours."

"Sin! is it sin to love, purely, devotedly?—Ellen, you misunderstand me. I have indeed no evil intent, and I desire none in you. I never believed you were capable of it; though you may have erred, your heart is pure."

Now came the painful expression—a strained tension, that touched the fountain which for years had been dormant. Tears came—and brought the old, rich flush of girlhood. I had read her aright—I had appreciated her. She felt again the girl that once dropped the tear over the aged Leech-gatherer. At length she spoke in a relieved, quiet tone—

"George, let me thank you (her voice faltering) for this opinion. Now I am content."

"This is well then; we shall have one more to gladden our hearth."

"No, George, think it not. You know the stigma that would attach. Let it be as it is. I am now relieved. I think I am happy;" then, after a short pause, partly soliloquizing, "Oh! could it then, could it—no it could not have been!"

"Yes, it could," I responded. "It may now; it shall."

Suddenly, as if roused from a deep stupor, she started; her tears were instantly dried; her flush disappeared; she stared at me—timidity had all fled. "Oh what a look was that! It was not her "nerves"—not insanity. Her whole being was simply roused to the one absorbing point of her life. Then, as if for a desperate last effort, her muscles contracted, her frame quivered, seeming as if a great decision had formed. A deathly pallor succeeded, and a cool quietness that startled me more than all previous expression. I asked the cause. She did not answer, but manifested a desire for rest. She held out her hand (once a pet hand—still



small). I took it, and again—the first in so many years—stooped down and kissed the poor, pale forehead.

"This is our pledge," I murmured.

I left, giving a last look and bow at the door. She only kept her eyes upon me and that pallid face.

That evening, I seemed wakened from a sleep of half a score years. The next morning brought the messenger again. This time he had more leisure. He spoke but a word—"The woman is dead."

I stood awhile; then bore myself to the house, where I found her in the same attitude as when I left her; the brown eyes open, but glazed—the hand rigid. Beside her on the stand stood a vial of laudanum, and a slip of paper, on which was written (in German, as if for my own reading, who used to read German with her).—"To marry you, would have stigmatized the noblest of men. You were entitled to the unsullied offering, whose heart has always been yours."

Her brother, who came ere she was buried, had secured her likeness, taken as she lay when first discovered dead. I possessed her youthful miniature, and offered it in exchange for the other. His eyes were riveted upon me for a moment. He gave me the faded features; took the miniature—took my hand, held it hard, dropped a few tears, and turned away.

The jury exonerated all from blame, and the "unknown woman who came to death by poison administered by her own hand," was duly consigned to the village grave-yard.

The funeral was over—the "mourners" returned to their homes. I also went to my home—but no one knew of the faded features, the all that was left me now of—one more unfortunate.

GEORGE.

A dull man has no business to write. A man in his dull moments has no business to write. The active man is the man to communicate energy, feeling, love, power—because these things are, not only in him, but awakened in him. Ah! we must be awake if we wish to communicate. A sedative writer makes a sedative book, and a sedative book is unread. So it is in the business of life—the busy carry away the palm.

Never receive gifts, save those of bouquets.—Dead men never talk; but the living will hold the claim against you—if not in demand, in thought. Be above board, and free in the world.

## SONG.

Take me from these dreary shades;  
Lift me to some softer morn,  
Where the laughing light invades  
That old silence of the glades,  
Which was born when trees were born.

Where the docile winds take care  
Not to ruffle any brook,  
Lest queen-clouds that pace the air  
Should not find a mirror there  
When they pass, and pause, and look.

Where the dazzling nights endure  
Till the day has passed its spring,  
And where starlight is so pure  
That no bird is ever sure  
Whether it should sleep or sing.

Somewhere there is never rain,  
Never trouble in the air;  
Not a breath of care or pain—  
Take me to that land again:  
I have dreamed I once was there.

TEMPLE BAR.

Has the reader read these stanzas? If not, and he has the least "music in his soul," let him read them, and see how quietly and pleasantly they fall upon the ear, and how every verse has a gold sand in it—at the close, where the gold generally is. Such little waifs make the heart better. There is no great art here—there are no great reaches—a simple, singing song—hardly singing, so quiet and so low is the melody. It is rather a leaf of nature, coming so silently, you can hardly hear it come.—The poet speaks about silence. Every one knows it is common in the woods. But the way he says it—"born when the trees were born"—is not a particularly novel way, but somehow a way that affects us. And then the next stanza, about the winds being careful not to disturb the "mirrors" of the wood, lest the clouds cannot see themselves there. Though as old as the hills, this is as nice as can be the way it is put. It is the effect of fancy personifying things—giving to them human feeling.—In this consists Wordsworth's great success—in humanizing nature. Such little poems should be treasured. Scrap-books made of them, are often the greatest of treasures—a collection of home delights, so to speak, for the feeling is a home feeling, something we want to refer to for our own satisfaction.

Each poem, though a new one, is but the old feeling stirred up.

It is a pleasure to do that which we like.—Happy the man who likes an honorable vocation. We have often thought such a man is lucky—for our natural inclination we cannot very well avoid, though culture, direction, have much to do, to establish a man in the right way.

## AUTUMN.

The apples on the limbs,  
Which 'neath their leafy screen  
The livelong summer through  
Were rocked to airy hymns,  
Crude infants, now, with maiden blushes glow,  
Ripe, mellow, soon to leave the parent bough,  
For other scene,  
No more to meet the kisses of the sun,  
From whom their "glowing blushes all were won,"  
The brook that ne'er hath rest,  
Now hushed and low—  
So hard the season's draught upon its breast—  
The brook beneath the forest bough,  
With all its summer's light  
Was not so bright,  
Not half so clear as now;  
You cannot tell, so limpid clear,  
Where meet the water and the atmosphere;  
You deem it but another air  
To show the pebbles and the sands more fair.

KARL KEATS.

## WASHING DISHES.

How many slouches there are in the kitchen.  
You will find them through the country almost  
wherever you go. Their dish water (and may  
this not be yours, dear reader,) floats a coat of  
grease, depositing a rim around the sides of the  
pan. Now, how can a dish be taken out of  
this water without leaving some of the coat up-  
on it? Besides, your water is too cold, which  
makes the grease stiff and sticky; and when  
you wipe the dish, you spread it all over it.—  
The gloss of your dish is gone. Is this neat-  
ness, my sisters? To remedy this, clear the  
dishes of the coarse grease before they are put  
into the water. Where there is a small fam-  
ily, as with us, the fingers of the hand may be  
used, with a little water in the dish. Where  
a large number of dishes are to be washed, two  
waters should be used. At any rate, greater  
cleanliness should be observed. If you think  
it will do, and nobody cares, it is there where  
you are mistaken. People know, and they  
talk about it. Are not all such people known  
in a neighborhood, and talked of by yourself  
even, with the rest? This gets up reputation.

MARY WELLS.

**DELIGHTFUL REFLECTION.**—The Almighty build-  
er, by displaying the principles of science in  
the structure of the universe, has invited man  
to study and to imitate. It is as if he had said  
to the inhabitants of this globe, that we call  
ours, I have made an earth for man to dwell upon  
and I have rendered the starry heavens visible,  
to teach him science and the arts. He can now  
provide for his own comfort, and learn from my  
munificence to all, to be kind to each other.

## WHEN?

When shall cease the restless beating  
Of my sad and aching heart?  
When its dirges cease repeating,  
And its shadows flee apart?

When shall hopes my bosom cherished,  
Bud and bloom in beauty bright?  
Dreams of hope, alas! have perished,  
Shrouded in the pall of night.

When shall music's fairy numbers  
With its soft and holy flow  
Wake again the soul that slumbers—  
Soothe the deep and hidden woe?

When shall friends prove true tho' sorrow  
Casts its shadows o'er my way?  
When shall hope of fancy borrow  
Light to chase the gloom away?

When shall rest the lone and weary  
With the cold and silent dead?  
When from earth so sad and dreary  
Every joy for them hath fled?

Cease my soul this vain repining—  
Seek enduring joys above;  
All thy cares to Him resigning  
Who hath saved thee by His love.

LILLIE E. LEWIS.

## LOVE.

I leaned out of window, I smelt the white clover,  
Dark, dark, was the garden, I saw not the gate;  
"Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—  
Hush, nightingale, hush! O, sweet nightingale wait,  
Till I lister and hear  
If a step draweth near;  
For my love he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,  
A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,  
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer:  
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?  
Let the star-clusters glow,  
Let the sweet waters flow,  
And cross quickly to me.

"You night-moths that hover where honey brims over  
From Sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;  
You glow-worms shine out, and the pathway discover  
To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.  
Ah, my sailor, make haste,  
For the time runs to waste,  
And my love lieth deep.

"Too deep for swift telling; and yet my one lover  
I've cooned thee an answer; it waits thee to-night."  
By the Sycamore passed he, and thro' the white clover  
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight  
But I'll love him more, more,  
Than e'er wife loved before,  
Be the day dark or bright.

JEAN INGLOW.

**RARE**—the suppression of anger when it  
flashes up. Count three, is a good maxim, for  
it generally relieves the patient of excitement  
on the brain. Yes, a few seconds have the  
effect—of such an evanescent nature is passion;  
and yet what evil it is doing in the world—be-  
cause indulged in. Great men keep down their  
anger—fools give vent to it.

Self-respect lost, all is lost—the case of the  
drunkard.



### DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN.

Many centuries have rolled away since the scene represented in the engraving transpired. Daniel was a prophet among that ancient, but now scattered people, the Jews. When the invading hosts of Babylon entered the promised land, they not only conquered it, but carried off a vast multitude of captives and all the treasures of the temple and the royal city of the Jewish monarchs. Daniel, became, in the course of his captivity, a prince and ruler in the land. He was a favorite of King Darius. But though thus exalted, he was subject to the envious plottings of those who surrounded the throne. These wily conspirators finally formed a plan which they doubted not would forever eclipse his glory and bring him to ruin. They knew that he worshiped the God of his Fathers, and that in that worship he would abide unalterably fixed. They approached the king with flattering address, and procured a decree, that whoever, for the space of 30 days, should ask any petition except of the king, should be cast into the den of lions.

Notwithstanding this decree, Daniel, as his custom was, prayed, with his window up, towards Jerusalem, three times a day. His enemies speedily informed the king, and now he discovered, when too late, that his favorite Daniel had fallen a victim to the decree. Daniel was cast into the den, and it was sealed. The king was very sorrowful, and hastened in the morning to the den, when to his joy he found that the God of Daniel had sent an angel and delivered him from the power of the lions. He then condemned his enemies to suffer the fate they had intended for Daniel, and they perished there, the victims of their own wickedness. Thus Daniel was exalted to greater glory and honor, while his enemies were brought to destruction, and the worship of God vindicated.—For the king issued a decree, commanding all his subjects to reverence and fear the great and glorious Deliverer of Daniel.

To have a clear conscience, live in peace with your neighbor and subscribe for the *Valley Farmer* for 1865.



[Written for the Valley Farmer.]

### Incorrect Observation, or Misstatement

How often do we see two or more people report on the same thing, yet entirely different. Witnesses will thus contradict each other under oath, showing that they are serious.

All this teaches one fact—that people do not observe alike. Thus we see daily differences on the multiform subjects of life.

It is in the man, and not in the object, where the difficulty is. We have our education, which differs somewhat; our imperfect and differing powers of observation; but most of all our prejudices, which always thwart a sound observation, so that judgment is considered unreliable where prejudice is.

The reports, therefore, of the various farmers are to be looked upon with more or less allowance. We are to further consider the aptitude of people to exaggerate: it is in human nature to love to magnify. And how easy it is to get into this habit. The world is affected by it.—We are all apt to be affected by the "bold as a lion," "strong as Samson."

We must therefore make allowance when we hear people report; make calculations of conflict of opinions. When the man went to see the white crow, he saw the sun reflected on his feathers. This was the white crow that a dull mind saw. His more astute fellow reported it correctly.

Is it not easily seen by the reader how much error is thus promulgated in the world? S.

They who live in the cities are far from the woods—not the groves—the groves are far from being woods, where you are shaded by the primitive canopy, and only the foot of the deer and the flight of birds are heard. After a slight shower, here is freshness, such as is not elsewhere known. Then the flowers are your entire friends—then you are yourself.

Men, depending upon mental labor, should fast often—not absolute abstinence from food—but eat less, now and then a meal still less, a cup of tea or coffee, with a little toast. This clears the mind, and prepares it for action; and when once thoroughly roused, the clear vision will last for days. Remember Charlotte Bronte, who wrote the greater and best part of "Jane Eyre" in a continuous strain, which lasted a fortnight. There are many examples.

Before you attempt to pass judgment on the acts of others, you must have the calm testimony of impartial witnesses—and always bear in mind the proneness of human nature to exaggerate.

## Domestic Department.

### SEVENTEEN ITEMS.

Do everything in its proper time.

Keep everything in its proper place.

Always mend clothes before washing them.

Alum or vinegar will set colors of red, green or yellow.

Salsoda will bleach; one spoonful will do for a kettle of clothes.

Save your suds for garden and plants, or to harden yards when sandy.

Wash your tea-trays with cold soda, polish with a little flour, and rub with a dry cloth.

Frozen potatoes make more starch than fresh ones. They make nice cake.

A hot shovel held over varnished furniture will take out white spots.

A bit of glue dissolved in skim milk and water will restore rusty old craps.

Ribbons of any kind should be washed in cold soap suds and not rinsed.

If your flat irons are rough, rub them with fine salt.

If you are buying a carpet for durability choose small figures.

A bit of soap rubbed on the door hinges will prevent their creaking.

Scotch snuff put in the holes where crickets come out will destroy them.

Wood ashes and common salt, wet with water, will stop the cracks of a stove and prevent the smoke from escaping.

Green should be the prevailing color of bed-hangings and window drapery.

**WONDERFUL LINIMENT.**—The following liniment is good for sprains, rheumatism, &c. 2 ounces each of oil of spike, origanum, hemlock, wormwood, spts. of ammonia, gum camphor, and 4 ounces sweet oil.

Add 1 quart proof spirits, 95 per cent., mix well together and bottle tight.

If 2 ozs. spts. turpentine be added, it is said to be invaluable for horses.

**COOKING PRAIRIE CHICKENS.**—Skin the chickens (which makes them sweeter), cut them open on the back and through the breast. Fry them in butter with salt and pepper to taste. Cook them to a nice brown.

The Chinese are dextrous menders of broken iron vessels. Their method is described by Dr. Lockhart. The surface of the broken vessel is first scraped clean. A portion of cast iron is then melted in a crucible no larger than a thimble, in a furnace as large as the lower half of a common tumbler. The iron when melted is dropped on a piece of felt covered with charcoal ashes. It is pressed inside the vessel against the hole to be filled up, and as it exudes on the other side it is struck and pressed with a small roll of felt covered with ashes. The new and old iron adhere, and the superfluous metal being removed, the vessel is as good as new.

**HOW TO MAKE HENS LAY.**—A lady residing near the Kennebec river in Maine, practices as follows:—She administers to her hens with their common food at the rate of a teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper each alternate day to a dozen of her fowls. Last season, each morning, she brought in twelve or fourteen eggs—having but sixteen hens in all. She again and again experimented in this matter by omitting to feed with the Cayenne for two or three days. The consequence invariably was, that her product of eggs fell off to five or six per day. The same effect of using the Cayenne is produced in the winter as well as in the summer. The above statement was published in the Boston Transcript.



## Editor's Table.

# Renew your Subscriptions FOR 1865.

This is the last number but one of the present volume. A great many of our subscribers' time ends with the December number, and we not only look for them to promptly send on their DOLLAR for another year, but hope that each one will get his neighbor also to fall into the ranks and thus swell our army of readers to double the size. Remember, that it is only ONE DOLLAR—THE OLD PRICE—though our expenses are nearly double. We shall depend on our friends to use their abilities to raise us a BIG LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS FOR 1865. In looking over the numbers already issued, we flatter ourselves that all the great principles of successful farming have been intelligently presented, and if our readers will heed the advice there given, they cannot fail of success in that most honorable of earthly vocations—farming.

## Inclose your Money Safely and Write Your Directions Plainly.

This is very important. In sending money by the mail, as a general thing, if put into an opaque envelope, and plainly directed, it will reach us safely. Years of experience have proved this to be true. Write your Name, State, County and Post-Office very plain and get an envelope that, when held before a light, the dollar cannot be detected.

## III. State Horticultural Society.

ED. VALLEY FARMER: Please inform the Horticultural brethren of Missouri, that the St. Louis, Alton and Chicago Road will return members from the meeting of the Illinois State Horticultural Society at Bloomington, Dec. 6, 7 & 8, and 9, at one-fifth rates. The Illinois Central will return them free.

We hope to see a good delegation from Missouri.  
Alton, Oct. 21. Truly yours, W. C. FLAGG.

## Osage Orange Seed.

ED. VALLEY FARMER: Please inform me if you have any Osage Orange Seed for sale, or where I can obtain some, and the cost.

Marysville, Kan.

ALAN CAMPBELL.

[REPLY.—Osage Orange Seed is obtained from Texas. We have not been able to procure any since the commencement of the war. We do not know where it can be obtained.—Ed.]

ED. VALLEY FARMER: I am anxious to get a No. 1 Ram and Ewe. Will you not ascertain who has a pair to sell. I want those of the very finest blood.  
Fulton, Mo. F. A. BREWER.

[Any of our readers having any fine blooded sheep for sale, will please address Mr. Brewer.—Ed.]

## BACK VOLUMES.

We have often received letters inquiring as to whether we could supply back volumes of the "Valley Farmer." We can furnish none except for the following years: 1850 and 1856 at \$1.00 each, postage paid and 1856, 1857, and 1858, at \$1.75 each, postage paid the latter in a more expensive binding than the former, consequently costing more. Each volume is complete in itself and contains a valuable fund of useful knowledge.

## To Fruit Raisers.

We have for sale a few copies of the Transactions of the Mo. State Horticultural Society, containing 148 pages of valuable information to Fruit Growers. Sent postage paid on receipt of 50 cents.

**Now is the time to Renew.  
Don't Put it Off; But Subscribe for the next Volume.**

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## Editor's Table.

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